Chronicles

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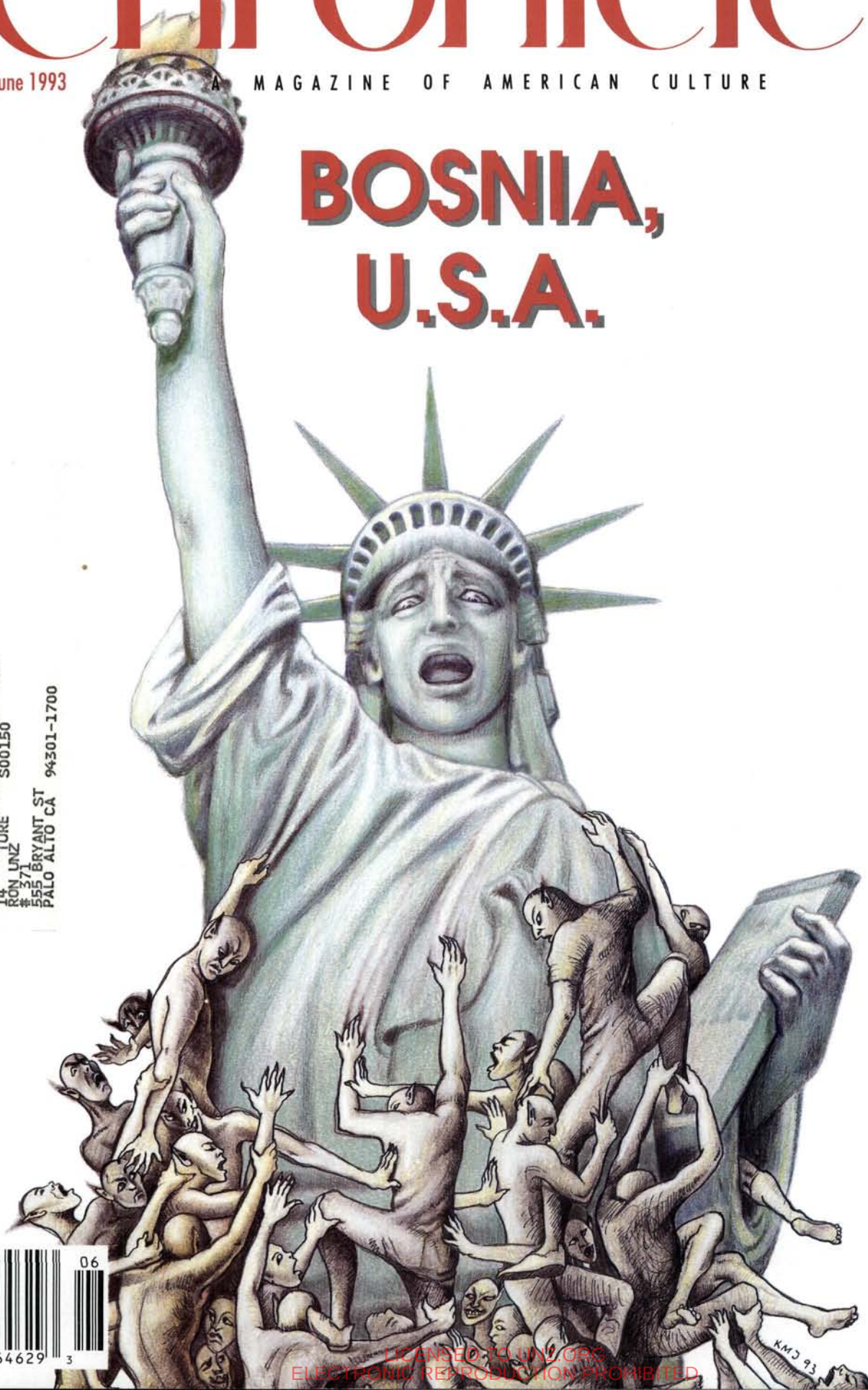

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Why All Americans Should Support a Moratorium on Immigration

FACT: More alien workers entered the U.S. labor market in 1992 than jobs were created, according to Immigration Service and Department of Labor statistics. America's disadvantaged workers suffer disproportionately from the steady influx of low-skilled, low-wage labor. The Zoe Baird incident was only the tip of the iceberg.

FACT: The Census Bureau now projects that there will be 383 million Americans in 2050, largely because of what *The Washington Post* describes as "massive immigration." That's 50 percent more Americans than there are today, and 83 million more than the Census Bureau projected just four years ago.

FACT: Thousands of illegal immigrants enter the country every day—2 million to 3 million a year. Even Clinton's job stimulus package can't employ all new immigrants who are arriving. Fake documents are easily obtained, providing access to benefits meant for legal residents.

Our national political leadership is apparently unaware that a majority of Americans of all ethnic backgrounds favor reduced immigration (Roper Poll, May 1992; Latino National Political Survey, December 1992). In fact, immigration policymakers seem more concerned with pleasing the special interests than doing the will of the people they are elected to serve.

The Federation for American Immigration Reform (FAIR) wants to change that.

FAIR is working for a moratorium on immigration until the United States can:

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- establish a secure work authorization system;
- revise immigration law to reduce overall numbers; and
- complete a comprehensive analysis of the long-term demographic, environmental, cultural and economic effects of future immigration and population growth.

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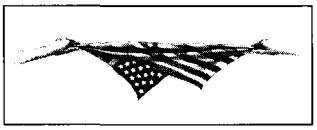

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A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

On 'Knut Hamsun'

In a longer version of my "Letter From the Baltics" (January 1993), there is an additional paragraph on Knut Hamsun that clarifies his life and work, which I'd like to note: "Hamsun's heroes were loners, virile individualists, thwarted, self-centered, with a heroic rather than tragic (Hamsun was not a Catholic) sense of life. He hated England and the English, which is perhaps not well-known, though it is there in many of his writings: his contempt for the hypocrisy of the English, their puritanism, a dislike of their cult of moderation and of fairness. Hamsun was a Nietzschean of sorts. It is not surprising that Hamsun admired Hitler till the very end, sticking to his guns, embarrassing and upsetting his own countrymen. And now my Swedish friends and I see Hamsun as a striking period piece, as a rebel voice that sounded strong and clear at a certain time. This period has little to say to us now, to those of us who also know that we live in a world at the edge of the sinking Modern Age—when all the real bourgeois virtues, their interiority and probity, have remained enduring, loveable, and admirable like a piece of family furniture that is both finer and more solid than we once thought, a more and more precious heritage as we are carried farther and farther away from its time. As a matter of fact, our only *tangible* heritage."

—*John Lukacs*

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

REGARDING IMMIGRATION, those like me who see it as an issue of economics and not of culture and who maintain that the American system has succeeded, and continues to succeed, in turning anyone in the world into an American owe critics of our view an answer to a simple question: Is there any class of immigrant we would exclude? For so formidable a claim to the continuing effect of the American system shades over into mindless Panglossism, unless a fair answer can be given to such a perfectly legitimate question.

Yes, there are persons to keep out: immigrants who reject the American system at its foundations and who come in sufficient numbers to threaten the system's continued hegemony. The system—to define it—accords equal protection of law to all persons, but special privilege to no classes of persons. Everyone is therefore subject to the same laws, enjoys the same opportunities, may make of himself what he will; in the fair division of rights and responsibilities no one gets less, or more, by law than any other.

Now, what if an entire class of immigrants were to make a clear claim to stand apart from the law that governs the country as a whole, seeking an exclusively religious, not a secular-pluralist, identity in American society? Such persons, rejecting to begin with the premise of the American system, clearly cannot find a place within it and do not want to; they furthermore propose to end the system of equal protection of law to all persons, replacing it with a system of political allocation of rights and responsibilities among groups of persons.

If a class of immigrants, for example, were to advocate or demand political recognition for their religion or special status for their group, that group, as such, would declare at our borders its intention to change our system for some other. We could not admit that group, although the individuals of said group who renounced such a claim would obviously enjoy the same rights as any other individuals. A class of persons unanimous in their rejection of democracy, the American Constitution and Bill of Rights, the rule of law, the rights of individuals to property, and the like cannot be admitted as immigrants. We passed precisely such an immigration law in denying right of entry to communists intent on destroying this country.

Lest I be accused of inventing a case as a facile riposte for purposes of argument, with no concrete example in mind, let me point to the following:

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"The implementation of X as a complete code of life cannot be limited to the home and to personal relationships. It is to be sought and achieved in society as a whole." Now if we replaced "X" with "Christianity" or "communism" or "homosexuality," for that matter, and large numbers of Christians, communists, or homosexuals presented themselves for entry into this country, we should do well to pause for a moment before issuing visas. People who wish to come here to impose on the rest of the country Christianity, communism, or the homosexual way of life (to choose examples sure to outrage someone or other) as a class of persons do give pause.

That statement was made by a British Muslim and preached at the mosque in Bradford, England, as reported in the March 1992 *Salisbury Review* by Mervyn Hiskett of the School of Oriental and African Studies at the University of London. An imam in France said, "There can be no government contrary to what God has revealed in the Koran." It is the duty, so it is maintained by some, of every Muslim "to overthrow every power which governs in contravention of that which God enjoins and to bring about the erection of the Islamic state."

Nor are these statements expressions of the happy hour, of closeted religious intellectuals making up their little worlds and writing down the results. A Muslim parliament in Britain was announced on May 9, 1991. British Muslim authorities explicitly stated, "Islam is . . . a charter for Muslim political life; it could not properly be reduced to merely an item of personal piety in the private sector." But in the United States religion is kept apart from politics by the First Amendment, which prohibits the government from favoring or opposing any religion, or religion generally. The authority quoted by Hiskett complains, "Islamic principles and values have always been systematically excluded from exercising any influence on the politics of the British government."

I do not think a Roman Catholic cardinal, Evangelist preacher, or Hasidic rebbe would win a friendly hearing among Catholic, Protestant, or Jewish Americans for his complaint that "Catholic/Protestant/Judaic values have always been systematically excluded from exercising any influence on the politics of the American government." Part of the American system requires all distinct groups to accomplish their goals by focusing upon the public interest. A politics of sectarian preferment is unconstitutional. And, I hasten to add, in the American system it is also unnecessary. Through negotiation people generally get, out of what they want, what they should have. Our system requires consensus.

What, then, will this country make of a large immigrant group, forming a sizable proportion of the population as in Britain, France, and Germany, that declares, "The Muslim community cannot commit itself to follow all 'current laws' however anti-religious these laws may become through democratic means"? The British Muslims object, Hiskett reports, to state neutrality toward Islam, to pluralist systems, to democratic decision-making that yields conflict with revelation, and to the relegation of Islam to a personal belief system without political and social institutions. The upshot is simple. Islam among the new Britons is not a Protestant and Westernized religion, in the way Catholic and Orthodox Christianity and Judaism are Protestant and Westernized in America. Its leaders identify correctly the conditions under which, in the West, religion thrives in countries that sustain pluralism: rigid adherence to the rules of pluralism, which are not negotiable.

It is one thing to recognize Islam as one of the religions of democracy when Islam affirms the rules of democracy; it is another to contemplate admission of large numbers of persons who reject democracy and espouse an alternative theological politics. We can make an American of anybody who wants to become an American, without distinction of race, religion, creed, previous condition of servitude, or any of the other distinctions we are not supposed to make. But if applicants for green cards inform consular officers from the very start that they reject the American Constitution and Bill of Rights, then they should not receive visas. The American system not only works for all for whom it is meant to work, it also does not work for all for whom it can never work.

French Jews became French citizens on terms that required giving up any chimera of forming a separate nation or estate within France: to the Jews as individuals, everything; to the Jews as a nation, nothing. That contract (alas, unilaterally abrogated by anti-Semitism in the 19th century and the holocaust in the 20th) defined the conditions for all who would join the commonwealth and take up the common tasks of citizenship and responsibility. So far as British Muslims contemplate being governed, in the age-old manner of the Middle East, by their own law (as Anglicans would be governed by theirs, and Catholics by theirs, and Methodists by theirs, if they could make up one), they contemplate a system other than the territorial one that has worked in that country, and that works here. Muslims, Hiskett says, will then be subject to the writ of their own parliament, "largely autonomous of non-Islamic governing institutions and isolated from the surrounding mainstream culture—in other words independent theocratic Islamic enclaves within the wider British state."

If that is what immigrants contemplate—whether for Islam or Christianity or Judaism or the celebration of Satan, for that matter—then they should be excluded. Watching German TV last summer, I remember seeing a German of Turkish origin saying to a reporter in what to my ears was perfect, unaccented German: "But we do not want to become Europeans. We do not value Europe, and we do not like Europe." The reporter was rude enough to ask, "So what are you doing here in Europe?" This seems a fair question.

—*Jacob Neusner*

IN THE STATES and in the souls where Confederate flags still fly, they fluttered at half-mast last March for M.E. Bradford, gentleman, scholar, political thinker, and Good Old Rebel, who departed this world too soon at the age of 58. Yet the legacy he left to an America now being reconstructed to suit political correctness and political expediency is one that not only his Southern friends, students, colleagues, and admirers should receive. The two countries he loved so much—America and the South—need to take their stand on the ground he unflinchingly defended.

Trained as a Faulkner scholar at Vanderbilt, Dr. Bradford wound up best known for his political thought and the political action to which his thought led. At the center of that thought was the American South, whose native and faithful son Mel was, though his thought was not limited to it and the

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South he represented was a far march from the cavaliers and belles sipping brandy on the veranda that Hollywood and romance novels have inflicted on us.

Mel Bradford's South had the hard beauty of old women who have buried their sons, of Texas frontiersmen who have fought Comanches, of small farmers who have worked barren fields alone and died at Shiloh for a cause that could not win. His was the South that sings the human tragedy, a drama that never leaves the stage no matter how rich, powerful, and progressive its actors and spectators might swell.

It was a South that Mel knew intimately and personally. In graduate school, budding historians are instructed to study documents until the records speak to them. Documents not only spoke to Mel Bradford but carried on a lifelong conversation with him. Yet, as staggering as was his erudition in documents—of the American Revolution, the Civil War, British and European history, political and social philosophy, the classics of Latin, English, and American literature—it was a mere shadow of what he knew firsthand.

To talk with Mel was to make an odyssey in time. He would ask a young man whom he had never met the Southerner's traditional first question—"Where y'all from?"—and then proceed to tell him about whatever place that was: its history, its geography, what kind of crops its soil supported, what sort of people settled it, what its politics were in the War Between the States (the "late unpleasantness," as he called it) and why—and he could speak almost as much about New England or the Midwest. He knew the South and America by county and creek, and in debate with him the easy generalizations and abstractions in which our history is usually couched crumbled before his knowledge.

It was that deep intimacy with the past that was the core of his political theory. In 1981, when he was a candidate for the chairmanship of the National Endowment for the Humanities, his neoconservative and leftist critics characteristically managed to miss the whole point of his thought. They ranted about his leadership of Wallace Democrats in Texas in 1972, his criticism of Abraham Lincoln, and his case against civil rights legislation and dismissed him as a bigot or a dinosaur.

Even after Dr. Bradford had lost the nomination, columnist George Will, in an ugly little bucket of sneers, smirked that he represented the "nostalgic Confederate remnant in the conservative movement," while another neoconservative pronounced that "the Reagan administration no more needs to sign on Stephen Douglas Democrats than it does Tip O'Neill Democrats."

Yet the point of Dr. Bradford's deep knowledge of the history of a community was more than nostalgia. It spoke to the truth that human society is not founded on abstract "propositions," "social contracts," or "higher laws" such as Lincoln and his political descendants invoke. A society, he argued, is "grown, not made," undesigned by human reason, "bound by blood, place and history," and should be governed in accord with them and their norms.

By contrast, political messiahs like Lincoln and the bumper-sticker crusades they launch rule by government "poured in from the top." They generate tyranny and the internecine carnage of civil war, and in the last days of this century, as in most of the rest of it, we wade in their legacy of blood.

Mel Bradford was a traditionalist whose teaching leaves us a gentler inheritance. It may be long before Americans and their leaders have the wisdom and the grace to take it up, but when we do the banners this Good Old Rebel bore will unfurl once again.

—*Samuel Francis*

(This editorial originally ran in Mr. Francis's nationally syndicated column.)

WACO, as we go to press, stands for "We ain't comin' out." Americans can and do make jokes about anything, particularly current events. That's the good news. The bad news is that ATF (Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms—nee Bureau of Prohibition and now part of the Treasury Department, today under Lloyd Bentsen, former U.S. senator from Texas and running mate of Michael Dukakis in 1988) is an agency run amok. It hungers after fame and is apparently willing to kill to get it. ATF wants to be a mini-FBI, doing the good law-enforcement things, beloved and respected by the public and the press. From that comes bigger budgets and more agents—the natural progression for power-hungry bureaucrats.

To that end, ATF has launched several highly publicized raids against previously peaceful, though non-mainstream, groups of people—of which the Koreshians are just the latest. Last year, it was the Weaver clan in Idaho—Weaver's wife, young son, and dog were killed by ATF. That sad, ridiculous episode was finally solved not by the feds but by one of my competitors for presidential votes, Lieutenant Colonel Bo Gritz.

There was also the raid in Washington state, where a baby was left unattended in a bathtub for three hours while ATF agents questioned her handcuffed parents about their religious beliefs. Then, the raid in Oklahoma where a perfectly legal gun safe was illegally cut open with oxyacetylene torches by ATF, who then left loaded firearms lying around for neighboring children to play with. Then, a mess caused by ATF in Maryland. . . . But you get the picture.

Who are the Koreshians, led by David Koresh, born Vernon Howell? They are a religious group with offbeat tenets, who were living peaceably on their farm near Waco, Texas. (Waco, by the way, is also home to the leading Southern Baptist university, Baylor, which bans student dancing.) You could even call the Koreshians "screwball," I suppose, for their beliefs that Koresh is Jesus Christ and that he has free sexual access to all his followers' wives. But is this sufficient reason to kill them? Remember that the original Christians were considered screwball by their ruling authorities, the Roman Empire, and were killed for *their* beliefs. Did that make it right?

The saddest part of this tragic farce is that four ATF agents and perhaps 11 Koreshians were killed. (By the time you read this, the episode may be history, and a full list of casualties should be public.) And for what? What reason did ATF give for the unprovoked attack(s)? ATF claims they had an arrest warrant for Koresh's violations of ATF regulations. Allegedly, Koresh had one or two fully automatic rifles that were not registered with ATF and for which taxes were not paid—$200 per year each, or a maximum of $400. So ATF mounts a major offensive against a religious sect for a $400 tax?

Does this make you squirm? Does this sound like Nazi Germany, or maybe Communist Russia? To make matters

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more suspicious, ATF would not divulge the warrant (as of early April). That is, they wouldn't allow the press or any civilian to see the arrest warrant, which is supposed to be a public, court-issued document open to all. Did they really have a warrant prior to the attack?

Compare this mess to the situation six years ago when a similar charge was made against Koresh. Then, the county sheriff called him in for questioning, asking him to bring his guns with him. Koresh complied peacefully, was exonerated, and went back home. End of story. That's the way to handle it. Use the least amount of persuasion necessary, not the most amount of force available. This is a hard lesson for power-mad federal bureaucrats to learn, but the FBI—to its credit—did learn it at Wounded Knee ("Indian uprising") 20 years ago. ATF has never learned it and shows no inclination to do so.

Recently, I was the guest on a nationally broadcast radio talk show about the Waco situation. One irate caller was a woman in law enforcement, who said that she was "sick and tired of civilians telling law enforcers what to do." The lady was apparently serious. In the United States, with our Constitution and our traditions of freedom, civilians are *always* in control of law enforcement, from local police all the way up to military defense forces. That's the American way, thank God.

Unfortunately, her attitude is typical of many police, who increasingly feel that you and I are their enemies, with a war existing between them and us. Thus, their purpose is not to protect us and do our bidding, but to fight us at every turn. In their mind, if we would just let them do what they want, they'd clear up lawlessness in short order, although they admit it would be bloody. No kidding—that's exactly what the Nazis did in Germany, and what the communists did in the Soviet Union. And many police (not all of them) want to do the same thing here in the United States. They lust after unbridled power, starting with flak jackets and fully automatic weapons that they don't want us—mere civilians—to own. After all, we might shoot back at them if they attack us.

And that's what happened in Waco. Koresh and his followers shot back. Yes, he's paranoid. Yes, he's convinced that Armageddon is near. Yes, he and his group were fully armed and willing to die to defend their screwball way of life. But should the *federales* try to wipe them out simply because they're non-mainstream? Should our government suppress religious and political dissent through force of arms? Should the Constitution be ignored?

That's what's happening, more and more often. Tell me: How bad does it have to get before the American public smartens up and throws the bums out on election day? Must we wait until the storm troopers come marching down Main Street? Until the dreaded knock on the door at 3 A.M.?

Don't laugh. It could happen to you. Especially if you own guns.

—*Andre Marrou*

AS PRO-LIFERS now face a monolithically pro-abortion federal government, it might be useful for them to look at last year's Supreme Court decision about Guam. Despite robust opposition from Justice Anthony Scalia, the Court refused to hear Guam's abortion case, which means the ruling of a California court striking down all of Guam's restrictions on abortion as "unconstitutional" still stands.

Almost as abhorrent as the decision itself was Charles Krauthammer's incredible interpretation of it: "The moral of the story is that democracy works. In a democracy the law comes to reflect the people's basic mores." Abortion will remain unrestricted in Guam because an American court over four thousand miles away from the Pacific island has overruled the locally elected government's legislation. Krauthammer calls this democracy at work.

In a sense, of course, this is nothing new. Pro-abortionists have always pretended opposition to abortion came from a minority wishing to control the country. In actual fact, the Supreme Court's 1973 decision was a classic case of judiciarchy—of the federal court outlawing the democratic process of the state legislatures. What makes Krauthammer's interpretation unique is his amazing ability to stretch these pro-abortion populist pretensions into what is essentially a foreign country.

Guam is the largest and southernmost of the Mariana Islands, located in the west-central Pacific. As an unincorporated territory, Guam is not even extended the full range of constitutional protections the 50 states enjoy. Residents of Guam were not granted American citizenship until 1950, when supervision of the island was transferred from the Navy to the Department of the Interior. Until 1970, the governor of the territory was appointed by the President of the United States. Though Guam can now send an elected delegate to the U.S. House of Representatives, it is not allowed direct representation in Congress.

Furthermore, the acquisition of Guam by the United States was accomplished not through discovery or colonization, but solely through military conquest. Originally part of the Spanish Empire, like the Philippines and a number of other Pacific territories, the island was ceded to the United States after the Spanish-American War. It is now used by the United States as a major naval staging area.

To make matters worse, Guam has almost nothing in common—culturally or demographically—with America. After three centuries of Spanish missionary work among the natives, the majority of its indigenous population is solidly Roman Catholic and culturally Hispanic. Among its 130,000 inhabitants, Guam has a 90 percent literacy rate due primarily to a system of parochial schools that undergirds taxpayer-subsidized public education. Despite the availability of jobs provided by the military base, Guam has several expanding industries of its own, including tourism and fishing.

Yet Krauthammer calls the decision of a California court to overrule Guam's government an example of democracy at work. Invoking the Guam case and the election of Clinton as well as of several other pro-abortion candidates, he opines: "It is important for Republicans to recognize that the battle is over. Years ago, Republicans suicidally carried on against the New Deal long after it had been accepted by most citizens as part of the fabric of American political life. Republicans had better not do the same with legal abortion, now, for better or worse also part of the fabric of American life."

So what are pro-lifers to do? Krauthammer says we should concentrate on changing minds, not laws. To a certain extent, he is no doubt correct. But if pro-lifers restrict their activity to proselytization, they probably face a losing battle. For one thing, the anti-abortion position isn't based simply on a moral-

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ism like the anti-tobacco lobby, but on a legal philosophy that claims unborn babies ought to be protected from aggression. Secondly—though I am loathe to admit this—laws have a pedagogical effect on society. Tax-funded abortions are more persuasive to larger numbers of people than personal conversations.

A working strategy for the next century would complement the educational work of pro-lifers, circumvent all three branches of the federal government, and still claim the populist moral high ground of democracy: pro-lifers should persuade Guam to secede. While a call for territorial secession will undoubtedly meet stiff and astonished opposition, it is hard to see how the federal government could justify refusing the island independence. After all, why should a secular democracy rule over a Catholic country that it acquired through conquest? Pro-lifers could use the precedent set by the breakup of the former Soviet Union. They could appeal to the right of self-determination and accuse Congress of imperialism. How could the government possibly object?

Guam's attempt at independence could start several other movements. First, it might help to spread the various secessionist movements that exist in the United States. In states like Alaska and Hawaii this is a distinct possibility. It might also give conservatives a chance to popularize the notion of state nullification. At the very least, the discussion surrounding Guam might give Americans a chance to get reacquainted with the Tenth Amendment. This would not only help to break up the abortion consensus but would provide an opportunity to unravel other strands "of the fabric of American political life." How could federal New Deal programs survive such a challenge?

With the Freedom of Choice Act looming on the horizon and the transnational New World Order now upon us, we desperately need a secessionary groundswell. I can't think of a better place to start than with Guam.

—*Mark A. Horne*

OFFERING NORPLANT in on-site clinics at public schools in Baltimore might seem like one of those evils that is necessary or even inevitable: this is, after all, a city where one in ten girls between the ages of 15 and 17 gave birth in 1990. But the language used by the plan's advocates reveals a dangerous mindset. For in providing teenage girls with a "contraceptive that will get them through their school years" (as Dr. Peter Beilenson, city health commissioner terms it), city leaders are assuming responsibility for matters that were once handled by individuals and their families.

Dr. Beilenson has taken it upon himself to organize a consortium of hospitals, doctors, clinics, and a private foundation that will facilitate discussion of the merits of Norplant not just in public and private clinics (where it has a place) but in "family-life" classes in public schools. While it is true that over three-quarters of the students in the Baltimore school system are sexually active, Dr. Beilenson's plan for a fool-proof pregnancy insurance should give us pause.

As Baltimore City Council member Carl Stokes argues, Dr. Beilenson's type of thinking "runs toward social engineering." "There is a strong mood among some folks," he says, "that we can't control these girls' behavior so we just throw up our hands and put this implant in them. It relieves us of the problem of them having babies that we have to pay for." Encouraging or requiring women on welfare to use Norplant (proposals that not a few conservatives support) are one thing; but somehow dispensing Norplant devices (not to mention condoms and birth control pills, which are already available at six high schools and two middle schools in Baltimore) at schools like the Laurence G. Paquin School for pregnant teens and young mothers is quite another.

It's difficult to say which is more maddening to contemplate in this case: the teenagers who can't or won't exercise some restraint or the adults who step in to make sure they don't have to. Take the story of 19-year-old Consuelo Laws, a senior at Paquin and single mother of two young children. Miss Laws opted in September 1991 to receive Norplant at no cost to her from a public clinic in Baltimore—a prudent decision, if somewhat belated. Yet the reasons she gives for this choice reveal just how irresponsible we have allowed today's teenagers to become: "I decided to use Norplant because it seemed to me to be a very effective form of birth control," Laws said. "I'm not one to take the pill. I always forget to take it. I needed something I didn't have to worry about all the time."

Comments like these are typical of a nation whose inhabitants are fond of shirking responsibility for their actions. Yet when they are echoed by supposed educators like Paquin's principal Dr. Rosetta Stith—who happily reports that her girls "look at Norplant as a much more advanced method [of contraception] that would let them go on with their lives without worrying about getting pregnant, or remembering to get their birth-control prescription filled"—we must wonder how far such abdication of accountability will go.

Apparently pretty far, if we can judge by Dr. Doris Tirado of the Maryland Planned Parenthood unit, who is ever ready to hold adolescents by the hand so that their frolicking can go on carefree. "Teens have a whole different mindset," Dr. Tirado explains. "We do have some who find their way to Planned Parenthood on their own and ask for Norplant. But what we need to do for most adolescents is go into the schools and tell them what Norplant is, how it works, where it's available, what the hours are, and what bus to take."

The Baltimore plan points up a familiar pattern. Families, under the unyielding pressure of schools, welfare agencies, and Planned Parenthood, have abdicated their duties and no longer make any effort to teach children responsibility and restraint. And what is the response of the community agencies that started the whole process in the first place? Why, to up the ante by taking away the last possible incentive to exercise self-control.

—*Christine Haynes*

THE JOHN RANDOLPH CLUB recently accepted me as a member. (For those unfamiliar with it, the John Randolph Club is, basically, the conservative and libertarian answer to the Trilateral Commission, the Bilderbergers, and the Council on Foreign Relations and, so its officers assure me, of roughly comparable influence.) Thus, I was particularly interested to learn from a *New York Daily News* article last winter that "Public School 47," located in the thriving South Bronx, is also known as the John Randolph School. Its "name shame" was revealed when a parent "did research" and discovered that Randolph was "a slave owner from the South" who opposed ratification of the Constitution

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and who challenged Henry Clay to a duel. An officer of the parents' association expressed "outrage" that Randolph's name should be associated with a school that is "65 percent Hispanic, 30 percent black, and 5 percent Asian."

The question arises: What to change the name of P.S. 47 to? The article said that the most popular name for schools in New York is Roberto Clemente. Clemente was a star baseball player for the Pittsburgh Pirates who died when his plane crashed en route to Nicaragua to deliver supplies to earthquake victims. Now, there's a hero the kids in the South Bronx can "identify with," which, after all, is the important thing. When the John Randolph School opened 82 years ago, there still existed an elite in New York that could comprehend the meaning of great constitutional issues and that thought it fitting to honor the men who had addressed them in the love of liberty. There existed, too, a population of European immigrants that was willing to follow the elite's lead in such matters. No more.

The bemused principal of P.S. 47, Ira Victor, felt compelled to point out to the outraged parents that "lots of schools are named after George Washington, and he owned slaves, too." Indeed—as did Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and others. Even Abraham Lincoln—as a particularly erudite parent may someday discover—believed in the intellectual inferiority of Negroes and favored returning them to Africa. So, let's rid ourselves of these dead, white, and bigoted males who, through some deplorable cultural lag, still encumber our political culture. Think of all the opportunities that will open up to honor Martin Luther King, Jr., and Malcolm X—if not Nelson Mandela and Patrice Lumumba—in the Third World schools of our Third World cities.

—*Ralph Raico*

Mihajlo Mihajlov would like to note that the views expressed in his February 1993 article in Chronicles *("The Consequence of Ideas: The Future of Radio Liberty and Radio Free Europe") were his alone and not intended to represent those of the Radios.*

Principalities & Powers

by Samuel Francis

A Story of the Days to Come

Early in December of last year, while President-elect Clinton was trying to come up with a Cabinet that would "look more like America," the U.S. Census Bureau published a report that told us what America really looks like and what it will probably look like 60 years from now. Presumably, Mr. Clinton will have departed from the White House long before the prophecies of the bureau's professional beancounters come true, but not even the cabal of questionable millionaires, hatchet-faced fag hags, and trendy minorities selected by the new President to run the country for the next four years bears any resemblance to the rulers of the days to come or the population they will rule. Indeed, the subtext of the Census Bureau report suggests that within the lifetimes of Americans now living, the United States as its citizens have known it for the last two centuries will, for all practical purposes, cease to exist.

The report, written by demographer Jennifer Cheeseman Day, concludes that the population of the United States will grow from its present 255 million to 383 million by 2050, but the expansion of total numbers is not the most interesting finding of the report. It also concludes that by 2050, the Hispanic part of the population will have grown from its present 24 million to 81 million, that the "Asian and Pacific Islander" portion will have risen from 9 million in 1992 to 41 million, that the black population is "projected to almost double from 32 million in 1992 to 62 million," and that "the non-Hispanic White share of the U.S. population would steadily fall from 75 percent in 1992 . . . to 53 percent in 2050." While nonwhites and Hispanics will increase by some 120 million between 1992 and 2050, the white population will swell by a mere 11 million in that period, and by the middle of the next century whites should be on the eve of becoming a minority in the United States.

The report attributes these changes in the ethnic and racial composition of the country to differences in the birthrates of the various groups and also to immigration rates. "Currently," it states, "about 66 percent of all births are non-Hispanic White. That percentage is expected to fall to 61 in 2000, 56 in 2010, 48 in 2030, and 42 in 2050. All other race and ethnic groups would increase their share of births." As for immigration, "the U.S. population in the year 2000 is projected to be 9 million (3 percent) larger than it would have been if there had been no net immigration after July 1, 1991. The equivalent figures for 2010, 2030, and 2050 are 21 million (7 percent), 49 million (14 percent), and 82 million (21 percent)." By 2050, that is, the population of the country will, in the words of the *New York Times* reporting on the Census Bureau publication, "include 82 million people who arrived in this country after 1991 or who were born in the United States of parents who did. This group of immigrants and their children will account for 21 percent of the population."

The Bureau's conclusions differ from those of earlier reports it has published because this time it makes use of rather different assumptions from those it employed in the past. In earlier reports, the Bureau assumed that the total fertility rate would fall. But, "since the late 1980's, after a relatively stable 15-year trend of low fertility, there has been a dramatic rise in total fertility levels to almost 2.1 births per woman. Secondly, convergence of fertility among race and ethnic groups is no longer assumed."

Earlier Census Bureau reports also assumed that immigration would decline due to the Immigration Reform and Control Act of 1986. "The last report,"

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the new report states, "assumed the Immigration and Reform [*sic*] Act of 1986 (IRCA) would partially reduce undocumented [i.e., illegal] immigration." That, indeed, was a major purpose of the act, as its sponsors repeatedly assured us, but "in fact, there is no evidence of any reduction in the undocumented movement. In addition, the Immigration Act of 1990 allows more immigration. For these reasons, the future immigration assumptions for undocumented, legal and refugee immigrants were increased."

The meaning of all these numbers, percentages, and quotations should be clear. By 2050, a white person born in the United States in 1990 will at 60 years old be part of a minority in the country his forefathers founded. The racial and ethnic groups to which he belongs will be dwindling in numbers and in their percentage share of the population. Moreover, since the Census Bureau report uses the Office of Management and Budget definition of "white" as "a person having origins in any of the original peoples of Europe, North Africa, or the Middle East," its count of whites living in the United States now and in the future does not refer exclusively to European-descended elements of the population but also includes non-European, African, or Arabic strains that most white Americans have not historically considered to be white and with which they share little cultural kinship.

The conclusions of the Census Bureau beancounters are not entirely new. In 1982, demographers Leon Bouvier and Cary B. Davis reached similar results about the future population of the United States in a study distributed by the Center for Immigration Research and Education, but their monograph attracted little notice. A few years later, *Time* magazine published a cover story (April 9, 1990) which found that "by 2056, when someone born today will be 66 years old, the 'average' U.S. resident, as defined by Census statistics, will trace his or her descent to Africa, Asia, the Hispanic world, the Pacific Islands, Arabia—almost anywhere but white Europe." These studies, however, were not the official word of the American megastate itself, which the Census Bureau's new report more or less is, but when the report was published last year, even though it made the front page of the *New York Times*, there appeared to be little reaction from anyone, especially whites, to the news that the historic core of the population of the United States was about to experience a revolution.

The absence of shock from whites themselves at their imminent demographic demotion is perhaps not all that surprising. A population, ethnic group, culture, or race that allows itself to be taxed without consent or understanding, runs off to fight wars for causes and against countries for reasons it can't explain, and tolerates the level of criminal lawlessness and political corruption that Americans have come to accept probably just doesn't much care whether it even exists or not, let alone whether it remains the core group of its nation and civilization. Moreover, so permeated are our minds with the fantasy that all cultures, races, and ethnic groups are the same, that a member of one group can as easily doff his culture and put on a new one as he can strip off a T-shirt, that most Americans who were aware of the impending demographic revolution probably didn't see why it made much difference.

Nevertheless, it does make a difference—probably more difference than any of the various political, economic, and social changes the United States has ever experienced—and those Americans who do care about their country and its civilization ought to start thinking very seriously about what they can do to stop the revolution from proceeding. As the figures of the Census Report imply, the principal cause of the demographic revolution is immigration and the differential in birthrates between nonwhite immigrants and white natives of the United States. The main thing Americans must do to preserve their civilization and the ethnic base on which it is founded is to stop immigration, especially from countries that do not share the ethnic and cultural heritage of the historic core of this nation.

Even *Time* had the wit to understand that what it called in its 1990 cover story "the browning of America" "will alter everything in society, from politics and education to industry, values and culture." This, from a magazine notorious for its superficiality, betrays a good deal more common sense than the proclamation from xenophile and champion of unrestricted immigration Julian Simon only a week earlier in *Forbes* (April 2, 1990) that "the claim that our basic values, institutions, habits will be altered by immigrants from a different culture, and permanently altered, is pure hooey. . . . At a time when barriers are falling down everywhere, even trade barriers, the only barrier that hasn't fallen is the barrier to immigration." It really doesn't require much imagination (though more than Mr. Simon can muster) to understand that the importation of massive population fragments from radically different cultures will affect the receiving culture.

Indeed, in the last few years, the role of immigration in determining culture has been the subject of major historical scholarship. The most comprehensive is probably the work of historian David Hackett Fischer in *Albion's Seed* (1989), a thousand-page study of the role of four British subcultures in the formation of American civilization. Professor Fischer identifies some 24 "folkways" or "normative structure[s] of values, customs and meanings that exist in any culture." In his view, folkways do "not rise from the unconscious even in a symbolic sense—though most people do many social things without reflecting very much about them. In the modern world a folkway is apt to be a cultural *artifact*—the conscious instrument of human will and purpose. Often (and increasingly today) it is also the deliberate contrivance of a cultural elite." The folkways Fischer enumerates include normative patterns governing such settled ways of doing and thinking as habits of speech, building, sex, food, dress, sport, time, wealth, work, rank, order, power, and freedom, and no doubt he could have added others. The Puritans of East Anglia who settled New England brought with them cultural habits and beliefs that were significantly different from those imported from the south and west of England to Virginia or from North Britain and its Celtic fringe to the Appalachian hills, and those patterns of belief that immigrated to North America in the 17th and 18th centuries have persisted, often unconsciously, ever since. Bertram Wyatt-Brown, Grady McWhiney, and Forrest McDonald, among other recent major historians, have also pointed to the original British immigrants to North America as the source of enduring American cultural habits.

In *The Rise of Selfishness in America*, a little-noticed but major book published in 1991, jazz historian James Lincoln Collier discusses the equally im-

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portant contributions to an evolving American culture made by the European immigrants of the 19th century. Unlike the British immigrants of the previous era, he argues, the Irish, German, Jewish, and Southern and East European immigrants who came to this country in the 1800's had little attraction to the prevailing Victorian ethic that the Anglo-Saxon stock had imparted. "The immigrants, then," he writes, "were bringing to the United States an array of habits, attitudes, and folkways that conflicted, at times dramatically, with the prevailing American patterns of thought and behavior. They were, in sum, resolutely anti-Victorian in almost every respect. They did not believe in discipline, punctuality, sobriety—the order and decency of the Victorian ethic." The result, in Collier's view, was that the new immigrants imparted to America their own cultural habits centered around "expressiveness" through their predominance in the new industries of popular culture—sports, movies, music, theater, journalism, mass entertainment, and mass vices as offered by organized crime under the control of new immigrant godfathers.

The conclusions of such scholarship as that of Fischer, Wyatt-Brown, McWhiney, McDonald, and Collier are perfectly consistent with common sense—that people carry their cultures in their heads and their hearts and do not leave them behind when they move. Immigration, therefore, affects culture, importing new habits and patterns of thought and behavior that often conflict with the old habits of the culture that receives immigrants, and the history of the political and social conflicts of European and American history can be told in terms of such struggles between clusters of customs and those who bear them. Moreover, cultural habits are not randomly distributed; they tend to follow ethnic and even racial lines, since most people acquire their cultural habits from their natural parents and families, if not from even more fundamental biological forces.

The demographic revolution that the Census Bureau predicts can therefore be expected to exert profound changes on American culture as it has flourished in our national history and as it exists now. The loss of political power by what the Census Bureau calls "non-Hispanic Whites" as they dwindle from a majority to a minority is only the most apparent such change, and it is hardly unreasonable to expect that what will follow from this transfer of power will be the outright dispossession and political and legal persecution of the white minority by a nonwhite and non-Western majority that has little experience in constitutional government, little respect for the rights of minorities and oppositional groups, and little love for whites or the West. Indeed, we already see the beginnings of that dispossession in affirmative action programs, hate crime laws, multiculturalist curricula, the vituperation of whites, and the proliferation of racially motivated atrocities against them.

Earlier this year the Knight-Ridder newspaper chain conducted a computer study of changes in the American work force based on data drawn from the 1990 Census. It found, as the *Economist* (Jan. 9, 1993) reported, that "white men may soon be a minority of America's bosses. They are already a minority of the workforce. As recently as 1960, they held two-thirds of all jobs. Now they hold 45 percent." While the percentages of white males in American managerial positions have declined in the last decade, those of women, blacks, and Hispanics have risen in the same period. In March, the *Wall Street Journal* reported that American corporations, ever indifferent to the health and survival of the culture, country, and people that enable them to function, are intent on hiring foreign professionals over their American counterparts. "Foreign professionals are becoming more attractive just as demand for some U.S. professionals, notably scientists and engineers, is at its lowest in at least a decade," the *Journal* reported. "The number of electrical engineers employed in the U.S. . . . has fallen by one-fifth since its peak three years ago." Nearly every white male I know who has sought a professional position in the last few years has tales of blatant racial or sexual discrimination against him; in one case, a black employment official simply laughed at the applicant.

Yet while the demotion and dispossession of the groups that created, ruled, and sustained American civilization may effectively decapitate the civilization, the importation of non-Western habits of thought and behavior will very likely simply kill it outright. Not only the absence of a "folkway" of constitutional government but also the lack of a scientific and empirical tradition in non-Western societies, different concepts of work and time, and different religious and ethical systems may well perpetuate within our borders the political repression, violence, superstitions, and apparent laziness of non-Western cultures. Parts of Florida, Texas, and southern California have already ceased to belong to the West in any but the administrative sense that they continue to pay taxes to Washington, and the same cultural meiosis is apparent in many major cities in other parts of the nation. Indeed, the very term "nation," derived from the Latin word for being born, will become meaningless when as much as 21 percent of the population is not born within the country's own borders.

Even as the Census Bureau published what may be the first lines of the epitaph of the American nation and its civilization last December, President Bush was plotting one last war in Somalia before he slipped into the twilight of history. The United States government, as George F. Kennan notes in his recent memoir, "while not loath to putting half a million armed troops into the Middle East to expel the armed Iraqis from Kuwait, confesses itself unable to defend its own southwestern border from illegal immigration by large numbers of people armed with nothing more formidable than a strong desire to get across it." Mr. Bush's last war and Mr. Kennan's latest reflections point to the central irony of the American imperium's last days, that the willingness of the American megastate to kill some 250,000 Iraqis who had never harmed or threatened the United States in any way is regarded as the ultimate confirmation of the omnipotence of a superpower that has ended history and can now do whatever it wants, while the same power cannot imagine any good reason to protect its own borders from invasion. The megastate and its masters can play with bombs in Baghdad and Bosnia all they want, save as many Somalians as can be rounded up, and count as many beans as they can find, but those enterprises will not preserve a civilization or a nation whose founding demographic core is facing a slow extinction and whose leaders have forgotten what civilization means and have come to regard their own nation as a barrier to be broken down and discarded.

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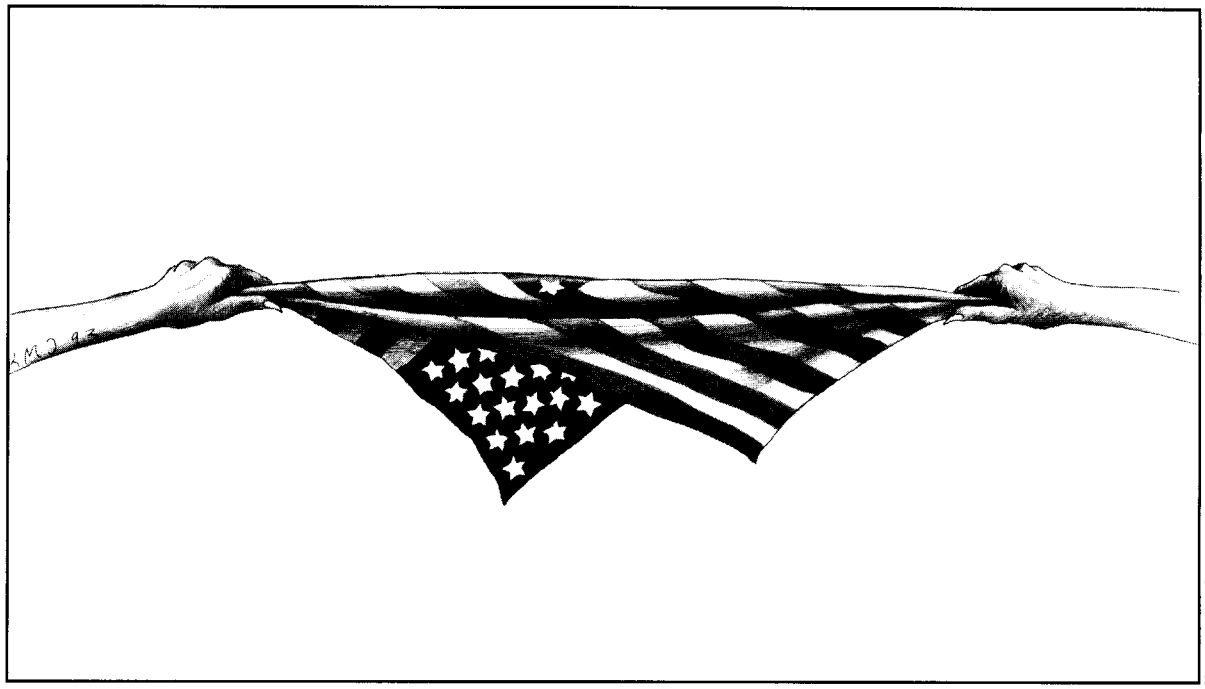

Krystyna M. Jachniewicz

Middle American Helots

by Thomas Fleming

Rodney King is back, and his trial is center stage in the freak show of American television. The fact that these legal burlesques are called "the Rodney King trial" is worth pondering, because, the truth is, Rodney King now has immunity from prosecution for his reckless driving, for his violent attack on the officers who arrested him, for his sexual escapades and assaults, and for whatever torts, misdemeanors, and felonies he will commit in his criminal career.

It is the LAPD officers who are on trial and for the second time. The first round was bad enough. I do not condone police brutality. Considering the protection we actually receive from government, I would just as soon see the state's monopoly on violence broken up and privatized. America is a country in which unborn babies may be slaughtered with impunity, while rapists and murderers are protected by the vast machinery of criminal justice. Still, the people of Los Angeles pay good money to get protection from Rodney King, and if they are unwilling to take the law back into their own hands, they had better learn to cut some slack to the mercenaries who stand between them and the mob that would like nothing better than to burn their city down.

Contrast Mr. King's fate with that of Randy Weaver and David Koresh, who were apparently guilty of possessing weapons that a government agency had outlawed. Their crime, before the feds got after them, was nothing worse than a code infringement—something like a parking ticket or a zoning violation. Neither Mr. Weaver nor Mr. Koresh is a model citizen, and in a better world one might cheerfully condone whatever measures were used to run them out of town. But in this age of criminals' rights and multicultural sensitivity, the official organs of national conscience—the press, the ACLU, the ABA—are strangely silent. Even the reckless tribunes of talk radio have preferred, so I understand, to accept the government's side of the story, and of the "Middle Americans" I've spoken with, very few see anything wrong with the slaughter of Randy Weaver's wife and son or the armed assault on the Branch Davidian community in Waco. The conspicuous exceptions are the Texans—libertarians and conservatives—who have staged a protest demonstration against the *federales*' siege.

Lots of people buy and sell illegal weapons. The boys clubs that tried to burn down Los Angeles last year maintain impressive arsenals, which are crucial to the success of their business enterprises. If ATF agents would like to make a sweep through any major city of the United States, they could turn up hundreds and thousands of armed enclaves whose dissolution would dramatically reduce the level of violent crime. Why pick on the kooks? Did either of them physically harm anyone, steal anything? Did either have a long criminal record of assault that would justify shooting them and their families down like dogs? Is anyone calling for the FBI or ATF officers to be tried on civil rights charges for persecuting religious minorities?

It is apparently standard procedure, now, to use deadly force in dealing with gun nuts and religious fanatics but unacceptable to apply a nightstick to the head of a violent thug.

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In a civilized country, there would have been no trial, because a hoodlum like Mr. King would have been flushed out of the social system long before he began experimenting with the use of the automobile as a deadly weapon.

If the first trial represented an attempt to dismantle the living wall that protects Los Angeles, the second is an inquisition that reminds us that American citizens no longer have any protection against a tyrannical government. Most of the protections extended by the Bill of Rights have long since been taken away by one or another branch of government, usually by turning the amendments on their head.

Freedom of religion, for example, now means that the governments that take money from Christians do not allow those same Christians to talk about their religion on the public property they have paid for. Freedom from search and seizure does not apply, it seems, either to the IRS or to state highway patrols running routine checks, and the Fifth Amendment's guarantee that no one "shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself" is waived in child-abuse cases, along with the Common Law principle that a wife cannot be made to testify against her husband.

The amendment's other stipulation, that no one shall "be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb," is so sacred a part of the Common Law that in 1817 an accused rapist/murderer successfully demanded the right to trial by battle, when, by a legal technicality, he was forced to plead a second time, after he had been acquitted by a jury. Even before the trial, the newspapers had found the defendant guilty, and when the jury swiftly acquitted him, one newspaper threatened mob violence: "The *Law* may acquit the offender but thank God it is the *Law* only."

After a bit of digging into legal history, someone discovered an obscure statute of 1488 giving the murder victim's next of kin the right to appeal in a civil action. The defendant's lawyer countered with a surprise move: a challenge to trial by battle. The appeal was dropped when the young woman's brother declined to pick up the gauntlet from the courtroom floor. In response to the legal shenanigans used by both sides, parliament passed a law outlawing both appeals and trial by battle. Lord Eldon, that great conservative, commented in the House of Lords that "it was a great absurdity that a man who had been acquitted by the unanimous opinion of a jury should again be put in jeopardy of his life, provided any person, standing in a certain degree of relationship to the deceased, thought proper to proceed against him by civil suit."

Lord Eldon's argument is directed not against kinship per se but against the use of a civil action to evade the prohibition against double jeopardy. In other words, changing the name does not alter the thing. The most common exception to the double jeopardy rule occurs in cases where a conviction has been appealed and a higher court finds grounds to impose a stiffer penalty. In Los Angeles, however, the officers are being tried for exactly the same acts for which they have already been tried. If there is any difference, it is that the charges have been lowered rather than raised. Presumably, it is still a more serious crime to batter a man than to infringe his civil rights. If they are innocent of the original charges, that is if they were only doing their duty, how can their legitimate actions constitute a deprivation of civil rights?

By the same token, a man acquitted of shoplifting might be prosecuted for theft or for illegally removing merchandise without the owner's permission. Of course this logic is only employed when a white is accused of doing something to a nonwhite. In general today, any white man, if acquitted of robbery, might be tried a second time if his alleged victim were black. Where the victims belong to protected minority groups, white Americans are, apparently, guilty until proved innocent, and their guilt is aggravated by the racial difference. In fact, this is the very logic of all the hate crimes legislation that has recently been enacted in such states as Wisconsin and Massachusetts. Break a window and you pay a fine in Boston, but if at the same time you shout "nigger" or "gook" or "spic," you go automatically to jail.

Status has made its inevitable return to the American legal system. It was inevitable, because wherever two distinct ethnic groups have coexisted within the same territory, one or the other group has imposed a second-class status upon the other. I say coexist, because there are alternatives. The Anglo-Saxon invaders, by practicing a mixture of genocide and expulsion against the Celtic Britons, solved their native problem, and their descendants sometimes employed similar measures both in Ireland and in the New World.

Where the two groups are sufficiently similar in race and culture, they can assimilate and merge, as the various groups of German and Scandinavian invaders did in Britain. But where neither genocide nor fusion is practical, the normal recourse is to some kind of caste system. The "Aryans" in India, the Normans in England, the Dorians in the Greek Peloponnesus, and the white Europeans in America all established legal, political, and social codes that discouraged intermarriage and reduced the less advanced and less powerful ethnic group to a subservient position.

In some cases, where the differences are not great, as between Saxon and Norman, or Dorian and Achaean, the two populations will eventually become one, although I have always wondered if Walter Scott was really wrong in portraying a Norman/Saxon conflict in the time of Richard I. Even in the 18th and 19th centuries one might trace the outlines—however blurred and muddied by constant crossing and recrossing of borders—of at least two Englands—the Anglo-Norman upper classes described by Austen and Trollope and the peasants and cockneys depicted by Dickens and Hardy.

The English classes have certainly behaved, over the years, as if their conflict were really a race war, and similar observations have been made of the contrast between the French upper and lower classes. The distinctions, obviously, cannot be purely ethnic, but what matters is the existence of class antagonisms that resemble ethnic conflict. In medieval Tuscany, many centuries after the Lombard conquests, one class of gentry continued to call itself the Lombards, although by then the ethnic distinction must have been minimal. What cannot be disputed, however, is the ferocity of the fighting between the old nobility and the emerging middle class that triumphed in Florence. Once established in power, the wealthy merchants loaded down their former rivals with disabilities, and the cruelest vengeance they could wreak upon members of their own class was to elevate them to nobility.

Whether the differences are purely ethnic, purely economic, or a mixture of the two, it is hard for two peoples to inhabit the same space at the same time. Nations and peoples are families, if only in myth, and families must look out for their own interests. In the subhuman world, the law that goes by the name of Gause's principle of competitive exclusion

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stipulates that two species cannot occupy the same ecological niche, and a similar principle applies to subspecies and social groups in direct proportion to the strength of their identity. In colonial South Carolina, French Huguenots were so relieved to find themselves in a Protestant country that they set aside their differences with the English and merged their own churches into the Anglican establishment. French Catholics in Canada, however, have never fully reconciled themselves to the English conquest, and the Quebecois have proved to be masters at manipulating the Anglo-Canadian liberal regime into granting them a privileged position.

In a republic, the citizens have some chance of gaining equal access to justice. In a polyethnic empire, like Rome in the third century, or America on the verge of the 21st, the mixture of tribes, races, and nations reduces the privilege of citizenship to a trifle.

In the United States, the dominant theme of ethnic conflict has been the difficult relationship between blacks and whites. Tocqueville, among others, foresaw that the race question would be crucial to the survival and success of the Anglo-American republic. The War Between the States, while it was not fought by either side primarily on the slavery question, eliminated one legal strategy for avoiding the antagonisms that lead to genocidal conflict. Jim Crow laws represented a second effort to resolve the question in favor of the white majority.

Ultimately, the legal status of blacks seemed to be settled on the principle of legal and political equality. By the 1950's and 60's well-intentioned Americans—in the north as well as in the South—came to believe that the struggle for civil rights had something to do with such old-fashioned Anglo-American virtues as fair play and equality under the law. For some people, black and white, this probably was the case. I think of Roy Wilkins, longtime head of the NAACP, and of many misnamed Southern "liberals," who objected to the indecencies and discourtesies inflicted upon persons of color all over the United States.

Nonetheless, a concern with fairness and decency was not the only or even the primary motive of the civil rights movement or in fact of any rights movement. Members of an underclass, real (e.g., black) or imagined (e.g., women, homosexuals), want not equality but superiority, not decent treatment but the right to inflict indecency, to bully as they (so they think) have been bullied.

No sensible person should have imagined that legal and political equality would content such intemperate and vicious revolutionaries as Martin Luther King, Jr., Stokely Carmichael, and Jesse Jackson, each one of them the very model of the degraded demagogue who addicts his followers to the stimulating but debilitating fix of greed and envy. An American people capable of preserving itself might wisely have conceded all the demands for legal equality and declared victory. Instead, bent on a course of self-destruction, we have continued to inject higher and higher levels of greed and envy into each minority group that comes to the table demanding what it has not earned. We have blighted the prospects of our children and grandchildren for the sake of strangers, and we have dressed up our failure as parents in the lofty language of affirmative action and social justice. Anyone who finds himself, as I do now, in a city whose schools are under the supervision of a federal judge knows something of what it feels like to live in an occupied country.

The American house was tottering into ruin by the late 1960's; however, in more recent years, not content with ethnic warfare that is the consequence of slavery, the American ruling class decided, with malice aforethought, to inject millions and millions of aliens from Latin America, Asia, and Africa, each with his own reason to resent Euro-American culture, each to be given preference over the children of citizens whose ancestors worked and fought and died to make this country. And how are we repaid for our suicidal generosity? By resentment against Eurocentric education, by whining against the display of Christian symbolism, by demands for more rights and privileges to make up for what recently arrived Pakistanis and Arabs have suffered at American hands.

The height of absurdity was reached in the bombing of the World Trade Center. Six years ago, Mr. Mohammed A. Salameh apparently entered this country on a six-month visa and was making good money in construction jobs that had been given to him instead of to an American. Nourishing who knows what resentments against American policy in the Middle East, he and his friends murder five or six people they have never met for reasons the victims will never understand.

Sometimes the terrorists are more disciplined. One Mir Aimal Kansi, a 28-year-old Pakistani, told friends he wanted to do something big to protest America's policies toward the Muslim world. He had succeeded in acquiring a green card, a social security number, and a driver's license, which made it possible for him to buy the gun with which he shot two CIA officers before sneaking back to Pakistan, where no one is able to find him.

Arab and Pakistani terrorists, Nigerian con artists, Oriental and South American drug lords, Russian gangsters—all are introducing their particular brands of cultural enrichment into an already fragmented United States that increasingly resembles Bosnia more than the America I grew up in. It is interesting, even entertaining, to observe the tender regard our editorialists display toward that former province of Yugoslavia, almost always described as "a multicultural society" or as "Bosnia's experiment in multiculturalism."

The results of our own experiment may well turn out to be as grim. The future of urban America was made very clear during the L.A. riots in which blacks and Mexicans teamed up against Koreans. The alignments will shift, but the violence can only increase. This has nothing to do with the way things ought to be or the way we would like them to be. "Can't we all just get along?" is the cry of either a saint or an imbecile. Of course we cannot. There is too much at stake. The state of nature, of human nature, is not a *bellum omnium contra omnes*, unless we supply some noun like familia or genus. It is the war of families and kindreds and

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gene pools that dominates human existence, and while a few privileged individuals may be spoiled into believing they can lead their own lives selfishly, most of them end up marrying and rearing families whose interests they promote as ruthlessly as a mother tiger.

The American ruling class holds power by pretending to believe in equality—racial, ethnic, political, social. But when they send their children to private schools, while a few editorialists may sound off against the hypocrisy of the first couple, no one even hints at the obvious significance. Our schools have been systematically gutted of content, turned into war zones in which teachers dare not stand up to youth gangs, and for what? For the principle of equality, which roughly translated means: "If my kid can't get an education, then I'll make damn sure yours can't either." So, who is exempt? Why the very ruling class that has taken steps to insure the illiteracy and powerlessness of our children. That is the whole point. It is us against them, and them gots the power to do what them likes with us, and that, by the way, is how a public school graduate talks in the 1990's.

Some years ago, Paul Fussell pointed out that the American status hierarchy is determined by education. The rich and powerful attend Ivy League schools to which they also admit select members of the minority groups who keep them in power. The middle classes struggle to afford state universities of various types, and the rest of the population—I do not speak now of the welfare/criminal classes—go to community colleges and trade schools. But in this land of opportunity, it is important to note that the gap between Harvard and the University of South Carolina is almost as wide as the gulf between South Carolina and a secretarial school. Of course there is upward mobility and a process of circulation, but when middle-class kids can graduate from Madison and Austin without learning English or math, their chances of cracking the real glass ceiling are very slim.

To what degree the Clintons and Kennedys are aware of their motives is almost beside the point. The only conspiracy theories I believe in are genetic, and most of us play out our game strategies in blissful ignorance of our goals. But most of the white population of the United States is now being treated like the downtrodden nobility of Florence, even though the ruling class consists almost exclusively of Europeans, nominally Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant, who treat their fellow-countrymen like Spartan helots.

The reason should be obvious. The members of our ruling class do not regard themselves as our fellow-countrymen. Like the patricians of early Rome, they are of a purer stock, mingled with the race of the gods and heroes. Isolated in their bunkers and fortified compounds, they look upon the rest of us as so much canaille, fit perhaps to work and pay taxes but not to have a say in how our money is spent or how our children are educated. Some of them are old WASPs; others, like the Kennedys, descended from shanty Irish bootleggers, have never entirely succeeded in acquiring the patina of old Boston and old New York, but, at this late date, who can tell the difference? Besides, such distinctions belong to the world of the Old Republic. One generation of wealth and power is enough to raise even a Middle American to a position on the board of the Council on Foreign Relations, if he is willing to grovel hard enough.

The real point of the second "Rodney King trial" is not about special privileges for the urban underclass that is ready to riot whenever the Republicans or Democrats give them leave, which they did the last time around. The entire American regime is now built upon a foundation of inequality and redistribution, and any challenge to that regime will be met by the unrestrained power that has already been used against Randy Weaver, David Koresh, Gordon Kahl, and God-knows-how-many religious crackpots and tax protestors who have been gunned down by federal agents.

In a republic, the citizens have some chance of gaining equal access to justice. In a polyethnic empire, like Rome in the third century, or America on the verge of the 21st, the mixture of tribes, races, and nations reduces the privilege of citizenship to a trifle. For the subjects of an empire, it is status alone that counts, and it is only the privileged classes of *honestiores* who can escape torture, receive due process, or participate in politics. We take all this for granted now and rarely give a second thought to the condition of servitude that has been forced upon us. If, listening to talk radio in the dark of night, we entertain any wild thought of freedom, the cold blue light of day dawning on our TV sets brings us back to reality. The news is what they report, reality is what they show, and in their morality all the real evil in the world is caused by overzealous cops and Christians who want to defend their families.

The Spartans used to declare war annually against the helots, just to show them they could be killed with impunity. The helots knew their place, and we, contemplating the simultaneous demonstrations of power staged by the federal government in Los Angeles and Waco, Texas, had better know ours. ©

LIBERAL ARTS

IT'S INSURANCE, NOT PROMISCUITY

In South Carolina blacks make up a third of the population and 58 percent of the AIDS cases. According to a recent wire report, South Carolina's official AIDS educator, Henry Murdaugh, explained the situation thus: "The number of minorities infected with HIV or AIDS continues to rise because this group of people oftentimes cannot afford health care and many are uninsured."

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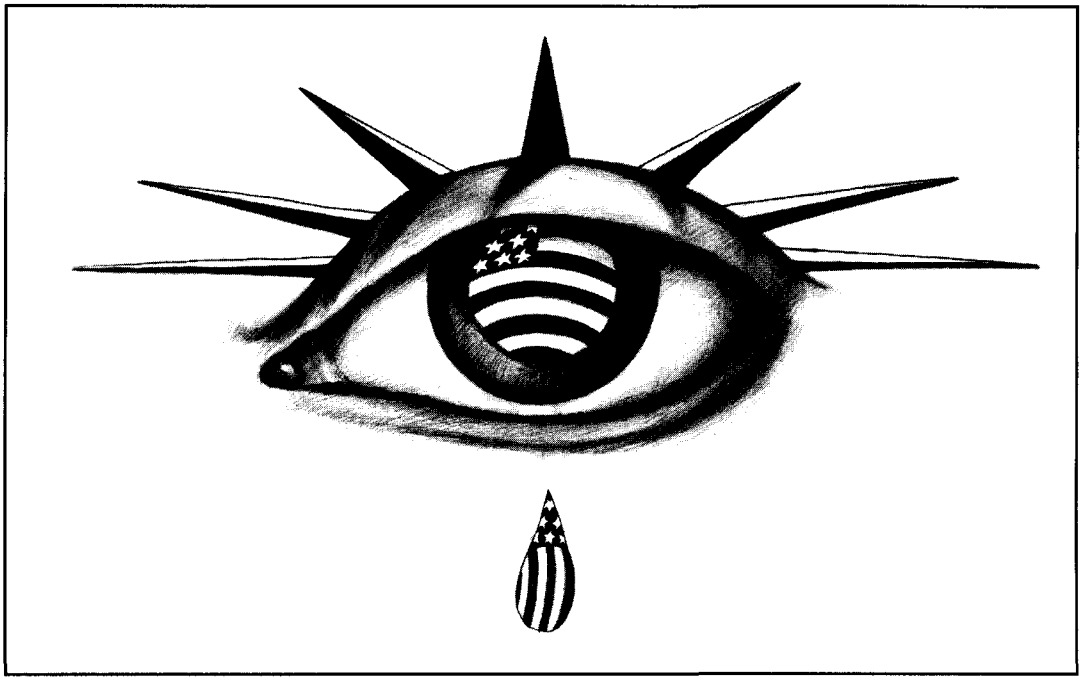
The P's and Q's of Immigration

A Letter to My Granddaughter

by Garrett Hardin



Krystyna M. Jachniewicz

Dear Dinah: Sounds like your solo in the Boston church was a triumph. Your grandma and I wish we could have been there to hear it. We'll make it some time.

Now to defend myself against your charge that I'm just an old Scrooge when it comes to immigration. To Cain's question "Am I my brother's keeper?" you say that the answer has to be an unqualified "Yes." Your position has distinguished supporters. There's the poet Schiller, for instance, in his "Ode to Joy," which you know from Beethoven's *Ninth* (since you've sung in the chorus). And Walt Whitman. And most of today's professional philanthropists. It is also what most Americans *think* our Statue of Liberty says. But they're wrong.

We've been brainwashed by that darned poem on the base of the statue. Emma Lazarus, pretending to speak for all Americans, said: "Give us your tired, your poor, your huddled masses." How inspiring! How magnanimous of us to offer to share our wealth with all the world's wretched! But who made this commitment? Our own poor, our unemployed, our homeless? Not on your life. The poet was a wealthy woman, who proposed sharing the wealth, the jobs, of *other people*—our poor—with an unlimited number of immigrants.

As a matter of historical fact, the poem is not a proper part of the statue. It was added to the base 17 years after the statue was dedicated. And who added it? Congress? No, some of Lazarus' wealthy friends put it there. Congress wasn't consulted. Neither were the homeless and the unemployed. Nor Americans working on the lowest rungs of the economic ladder, where they can easily lose their jobs to new immigrants. The wealthy don't suffer from such "generosity." In fact they often gain by being able to hire cheaper servants.

Many fine people sincerely think we should dismantle the borders around our country, letting in all who want to come. I don't quarrel with their intentions: they mean well. But they need to mind the "p's and q's" of immigration, or else they'll do more harm than good in the long run.

I don't know the origin of the expression "p's and q's," but when it comes to immigration the two letters can stand for *precedents* and *quantities*. These are the p's and q's of immigration that we must pay attention to. President Carter learned the importance of precedents when, good Christian that he is, he welcomed the Cubans fleeing Castro's dictatorship in the "Mariel boatlift" of 1980. In a few days the numbers amounted to 120,000, and Carter backpedaled from what he had mistakenly thought was a Christian imperative. The number 120,000 happened to be the exact amount of population increase in one year in Cuba. The President's advisors no doubt pointed out that Cuba could easily send us

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Garrett Hardin is a professor emeritus of human ecology at the University of California, Santa Barbara. His most recent book is Living Within Limits: Ecology, Economics, and Population Taboos, *published this year by Oxford University Press.*

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that amount every year—forever. Moreover, to bring the island's population down to its carrying capacity Castro would have to send more than 120,000 per year. In which case, as the less crowded islanders became more comfortable, they would no doubt practice contraception less conscientiously, thus allowing fertility to rise and producing even more candidates for emigration.

Then, as other overpopulated nations—overpopulated in the judgment of their own people—became aware of the precedent set by the Cuban boatlifts, they too would dump their surplus populations in Uncle Sam's lap. It took less than a month for President Carter to realize the insanity of acting on what appeared to be Christian ethics. The President then let it be known that the Mariel boatlift was a one-time thing. Thus did he, in effect, warn the 10 million people of Cuba, the 6 million people of Haiti, the 5 million people of the Dominican Republic, the 5 million people of El Salvador, the 7 million people of Guatemala—and hundreds of other millions—that they should not expect the United States to dismantle its borders just because their people are in need. (These are the figures for 1980; since then the populations of these countries have increased by 24 percent, while the population of the United States has grown by only 15 percent.)

I would argue that the acceptance of unlimited numbers of immigrants only *appears* to accord with Christian principles. Is this where you and I have a difference of opinion? Let me state my position, and you can tell me where I'm wrong.

I approach immigration problems from the scientific side. As modern science emerged in the 17th century, Galileo said that "the grand book of the universe is written in the language of mathematics." Believe me, this is a central dogma in the faith of all scientists. Time after time a difficult question that does not obviously involve mathematics yields its secret once mathematical reasoning is introduced. Such successes lead some of us—I'm one—to believe that the discipline of ethics can also benefit from mathematical insights. We must pay attention to *quantities*—the "q" of our "p's and q's." I think there are many instances in which dealing quantities into the game—even in a rough way—permits us to reinterpret traditional ethics in a manner suitable to practical men faced with practical problems.

When Cain asked the Lord "Am I my brother's keeper?" he was obviously thinking of only one brother, Abel (whom he had just liquidated). I don't know anything about Hebrew, but in English the very printing of the question confines the conclusions to the singular case—"brother's." To go from the singular to the plural case, in English, you have to write "*s*" *apostrophe*, i.e., "my brothers' keeper." As far as ethics is concerned, perhaps the difference between one brother and two would not be enough to bother about. But suppose there are a million brothers. Ten million. In all realism, must I be "my brothers' keeper" when there are hundreds of millions of brothers out there crying to be cared for? *Quantities matter.*

What we call the "poverty line" in annual income is an arbitrary figure, but by any evaluation reasonable to Americans, two billion people throughout the world live below the poverty line. (Or maybe they only *exist* at that low level.) The trouble with large numbers like a million or a billion is that the human mind does not easily grasp their implications. We need to find a simple way to reduce large numbers—and large obligations—to the human scale. In the present instance, that's easily done.

A population of two billion wretchedly poor in the world is roughly eight times as great as the total population of the United States. To get a feeling for the load this would create, let's imagine that the problem is handled at the family level. Dinah, you come from a family of four—pretty typical for our country. If our 250 million people took in two billion immigrants, that would mean each family's share would be 32 immigrant-guests to be invited into its home. Of course we wouldn't do it that way: instead we would pay taxes to achieve the same end. But I assure you that the total burden would not be lessened by using taxation to deal with it. Whether in our homes or outside them, we would have to house, feed, clothe, educate, and find jobs for two billion immigrants. And if the guests maintained the fertile habits of their homeland (as they undoubtedly would), the next year each American family would have one more guest to take care of. That would be a total of 33. And the following year, 34. . .

You may object that America is not the only rich country in the world: other rich countries would do their share, too. I'm not so sure. No other nation has a statue like ours, with a poem like Lazarus' on it. And now that immigrants are coming in hordes across their borders, other countries are getting tough. Unless the American mind undergoes a sea change, the global burden of immigration is going to fall largely on us (as it has in the past).

When it comes to philanthropy we Americans are pretty macho in our attitude: we think we can save the entire world. Machismo, like most egotistic attitudes, blinds its holder to the true interests of others. Those who favor massive immigration seldom stop to think deeply about the effects of their well-meant actions on the countries that furnish the immigrants. In some cases we preferentially let in immigrants who are highly trained in some skill or other. That may be fine for us, but it creates a "brain drain" from the country of origin. I don't know how many physicians have come to us from India and Sri Lanka, but it's a lot. You can hardly blame the immigrant-doctors for wanting to better their situation, but are we doing their native countries a favor by practicing this sort of generosity? Are India and Sri Lanka so well supplied with medical care that they can afford to donate doctors to us?

We also need to think in terms of a "troublemaker drain." Among the 120,000 Marielitos there may well have been some who, had they stayed home, might have benefited Cuba by making trouble for Castro. It's hard to know. But surely Castro's domination over his country was strengthened by our acceptance of his rejects. And what about the Cuban people themselves—did the exodus help those who stayed home?

Of course, whenever we play "what-if" history in terms of brain drains and troublemaker drains our conclusions rest on shaky ground. So let's just assume that every army of emigrants from a country is a random sample of its population. That brings us to the purely numerical effects of emigration. Since out-migration reduces overpopulation, the ratio of resources to needs is changed in a favorable direction. The stay-at-homes are better off. What is their reproductive response to this improvement?

Here we come to a controversial area. Studies of nonhuman animals consistently show that improvements in living conditions increase the fertility rate. Curiously, the opposite conclusion was asserted with respect to human beings early in this century. The argument hinges on a correlation. Looking

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over the nearly two hundred nations one notes a negative correlation between fertility rate and prosperity: rich nations have lower fertility than poor ones. Such a correlation is consistent with *both* of two hypotheses: either high fertility causes poverty or prosperity causes low fertility.

Logically, these contradictory hypotheses are equally defensible. They are not, however, equally "acceptable" to most kindhearted people. For more than 40 years the second one dominated public discussion. Why? Because it leads to the conclusion that we should be able to get poor countries to lower their birthrates by "throwing money at them," a conclusion that leads to employment for professional philanthropists. "Foreign aid" also brings profits to the American entrepreneurs whose exports are bought with our tax funds.

If, on the other hand, high fertility *causes* poverty, we have to tackle the problem of persuading poor people to change their "family values." This is difficult. That's why popular opinion, for nearly half a century, favored the idea that the human species, unique among the millions of species of animals, irrationally maximizes its fertility when attempting to escape hard times. Since 1975 real population professionals have abandoned the error. (The press has not yet caught up with reality.) Demographers now admit that the immediate effect of making poor people suddenly richer—better fed and more optimistic—is to increase their fertility.

Nevertheless, a last-ditch counterargument has surfaced. It is claimed that the immediate effect of greater income—fertility enhancement—will wear off in a generation or two. Maybe so; but in two generations high fertility can do a lot of damage to a poor country. At the present rate of growth world population could more than double in two generations. (How would you like to drive your little car around a Boston that has twice as many people in it? If things keep going the way they are now, you soon will.)

The bottom line is this: the days are over when in-migration could be defended as a solution to any national problem. Japan has known this all along. From a narrowly national point of view, emigration—out-migration—may be a solution of sorts to national problems. But immigration harms the receiving nation directly and the source nation indirectly because it weakens the motivation to solve problems on the home front. Australia and the European countries are now painfully recognizing the perils of immigration. To become rational about immigration Americans need to disown the appalling advice of Emma Lazarus. The philosopher Alfred North Whitehead once remarked that "through and through the world is infected with quantity. To talk sense, is to talk in quantities." Traditional ethics is right when it says that we can, and should, be our "brother's keeper." But so massive and uncontrolled is the growth of poor populations that it is literally beyond our means to be our "brothers' keeper." While *apostrophe "s"* defines a possible virtue, *"s" apostrophe* is an impossible one. Quantities are important. Numbers matter. Ethics must become numerate, quantitative.

I don't want to get you in trouble with your friends, Dinah, but you might just float a few of these balloons over their heads. Tell them that you "know an old codger out West who says"—then mention one of these points. But distance yourself from the argument: there's no reason for you to take the heat. Let me know their replies; they should be interesting.

©

Caesar

by Richard Moore

(A political history of civilization in 18 trimeters)

Money's in charge, rules all.
That order's a mite tall.
"Down with the powers above!"
we cried, "Kill hate; learn love.
Let the land's wealth increase
and bring our souls release."
Thus money rules a while
till Caesar in his guile
rises from wars we made
pursuing love and trade
and demonstrates what is:
directly harnesses
the people's love and hate
to earth's power, the State.
The people cheer, fulfill him,
rising as one, and kill him.
Rome's borders spread, then, vast
in emptiness at last.

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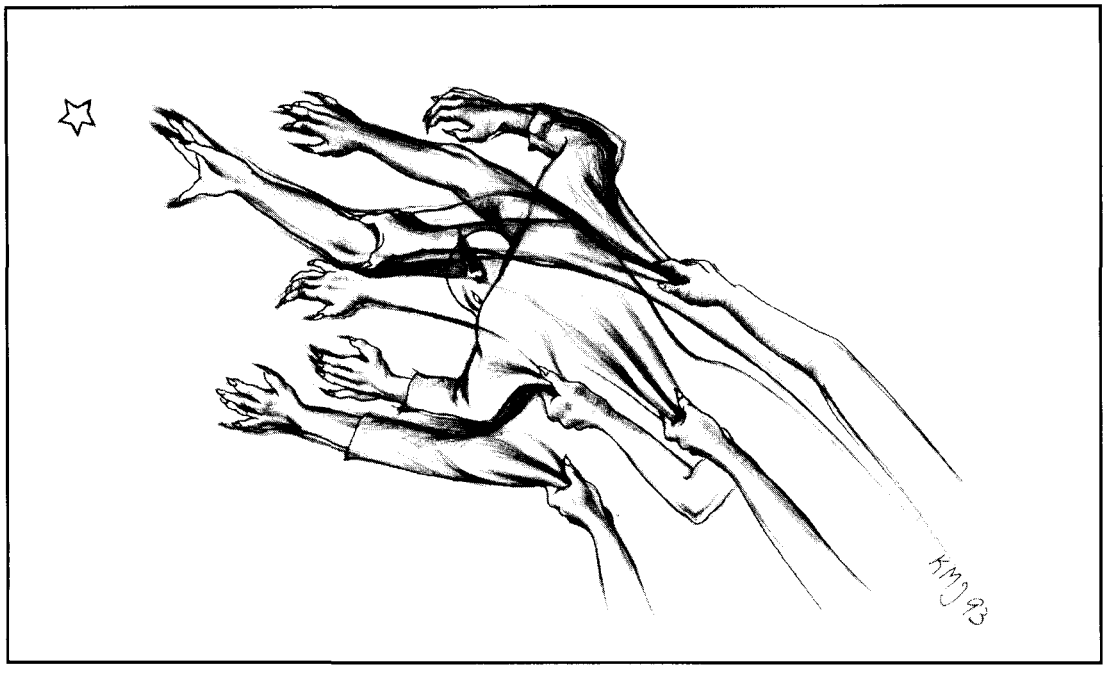
The National Question

by Peter Brimelow



Krystyna M. Jachniewicz

Peter Brimelow was supposed to deliver the keynote address at the John Randolph Club conference in Chicago last December, but he was marooned in New York by weather conditions. What follows is an extract from his prepared remarks.

I believe the central issue in American politics at the end of the century is what might be described as "The National Question"—whether America is that interlacing of ethnicity and culture we call a nation and whether the American nation-state, the political expression of that nation, is going to survive. It's a problem that's difficult even to discuss because of a peculiar semantic accident. American editors are convinced that readers will confuse the word "state," used in the rest of the English-speaking world to mean a sovereign political entity, as in the French *état* or the German *staat*, with the component parts of the United States, like California or Illinois. So they make writers here use "nation" instead. And this has undermined people's defenses against a heresy that has recently raised its head: that America is in essence a purely political construct, with no specific ethnic or cultural content at all.

Thus you used to hear American journalists refer to "the nation of Yugoslavia," although the problem with Yugoslavia was clearly that it was not a nation but rather a state containing several small but notoriously sturdy nations. Anyone who confuses basic terms in this way must inevitably also get confused about what a nation-state is, what its function is, and what it requires in order to survive.

I'm going to illustrate with three recent newspaper clippings. The first is an editorial from the *New York Times* (December 9, 1992) dealing with the disturbances in Germany caused by the collapse of its borders and the subsequent immigrant influx, which reached the astonishing rate of 60,000 a month. "Nobody," the *Times* editorialists wrote, "can reasonably fault Germany for trying to limit and regulate a huge influx of refugees." This means they *do* want to fault Germany for trying to limit and regulate a huge influx of refugees.

The *Times* went on:

> But Chancellor Helmut Kohl and the Bonn political establishment have regrettably taken the easy way out. They would do better to set a quota on immigrants and nurture a more pluralist society by adopting a formula for citizenship based on residence rather than blood ties. . . .
>
> Equally distressing is Bonn's failure to revise an outdated naturalization law rooted in ethnicity. Under the existing system, a Turkish guest worker who has lived in Germany for 30 years and speaks German fluently is denied the citizenship automatically granted a Russian-speaking immigrant who can prove German ancestry.

What we have here is a total absence of any understanding of the nation as a family, to which outsiders may indeed be admitted, but only under very special circumstances and with great care.

There is also the curious assumption that "naturalization

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law rooted in ethnicity" is somehow "outdated." In fact, exactly the reverse is true. The nation-state, the sovereign political entity based on specific ethnicity, is the product of modernization. What are now regarded as archetypal nation-states like Germany and Italy were actually united only in the 19th century. Multinational and multilingual states organized on other principles, like the Hapsburg Empire, did not survive into the modern age.

And for good reason. Modern society is organized around the free flow of information. So modernization inevitably puts a premium on linguistic unity. It doesn't matter what language the people in the next village speak if you have no truck or trade with them. But if you do, it does.

Which brings us to the natural enemy of the nation-state: the New Class. These are the people—politicians, educators, bureaucrats, and their assorted media parasites—who benefit from government's ability to control and tax the economy. They don't like the nation-state, basically for the same reason they don't like capitalism: both are machines that run themselves. The services of the New Class are not required.

A classic example of this reflex appears in my second clip, from *Insight* magazine (November 30, 1992). I like the *Washington Times*, so I don't mind crediting its publications although they have attacked my *National Review* cover story on immigration not once, not twice, but three times. Cokie Roberts, reporter for National Public Radio and ABC News, was quoted attacking the idea of term limits for congressmen. She argued that her father, former House Majority Leader Thomas Hale Boggs, Sr., was able to buck the prejudices of his Louisiana and vote against segregation because of the seniority he had accumulated.

Roberts claimed "some experienced souls" are necessary to provide "institutional memory, explaining the importance of protecting congressional prerogatives." She went on:

> To say that we want only non-professionals governing us is to show a basic disregard for government, and though that sentiment may be popular, it is dangerous. *We have nothing binding us together as a nation—no common ethnicity, history, religion, or even language—except the Constitution and the situations it created.* [Italics added.]

When Roberts says "nation," of course, she means "state" (or polity). And when she says, incredibly, that Americans have no common ethnicity, history, religion, and language what she really means is frankly if naively made clear: more power for the political class. Anything that further deconstructs the American nation—immigration, multiculturalism, bilingualism—will tend to bring about the situation Roberts hopefully describes. And the political class, driven by this view of its self-interest, will applaud.

Let me conclude now with my third press clip, from the front page of the December 2 *Wall Street Journal*. Many of you will have seen it. It was headlined "Mosaic of Hope: Ethnic Identities Clash with Student Idealism at a California College." So you know what to expect. The college in question was Occidental in Los Angeles, which the *Wall Street Journal* describes as a "prestigious private liberal arts college . . . founded in 1887 to educate the white elite." And I guess it was successful in achieving this reprehensible goal. One of its graduates, class of '57, was Jack Kemp.

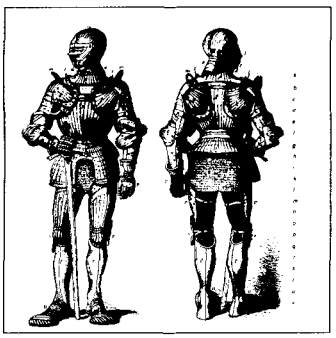
Anyway, Occidental College has seen the light. Or the dark—whichever you prefer. Under its president, John Brooks Slaughter, whom the *Wall Street Journal* tells us "is black," Occidental "is reaching out for an emerging America." In 1987, it "'went multicultural,' aggressively recruiting minority students and revamping its curriculum to give more emphasis to non-Western cultures. Today, more than 40 percent of its 1,650 students are minority." I won't go into the details of what is going on at Occidental. Essentially, the students are dividing into warring tribes. I will note, however, what the *Wall Street Journal* typically describes as "the bedrock fact" underlying the Occidental experiment: "America's white majority is shrinking, both in relative size and importance." In fact, America's white majority is *not* "shrinking." It is being inundated, quite deliberately, as a matter of public policy following the 1965 Immigration Act.

I would also like to note the final lines of the story. The *Wall Street Journal*'s starry-eyed hack, one Dennis Farney, is in a discussion class entitled "The American Dream." Let me quote this:

> The students, as diverse as their America is diverse, are gathered around a conference table. And their visitor asks: suppose they were to grade the American civilization, grade it just as their professor grades them? How would they grade America?
>
> It is freshman Jona Goong, a Hawaiian of Chinese ancestry, who says it best. "If I were to grade America," she says, softly, "I would give it an incomplete."

Well, my twin brother and I did have to grade America, from a distance of three thousand miles, in the summer of 1967, when for various reasons we decided all was lost in England. We gave it an A-plus. I still give it an A-plus, what's left of it. And I want it to stay that way. c

LIBERAL ARTS



CONDOMS SERVING PEACE

"A half million condoms, large and small, have been sent to Cambodia in order to make happy the 15,700 U.N. soldiers who shall shape the peace there, it has been reported from Phnom Penh.

"Between June and the end of October [1992], 1,251 U.N. soldiers had contracted venereal disease and three had been diagnosed as carrying the HIV-virus. Earlier a crisis-shipment of 300,000 condoms had been sent over, when the U.N. force's immediate need proved to be greater than calculated."

—from the January 25, 1993, issue of Aftonbladet *in Stockholm.*

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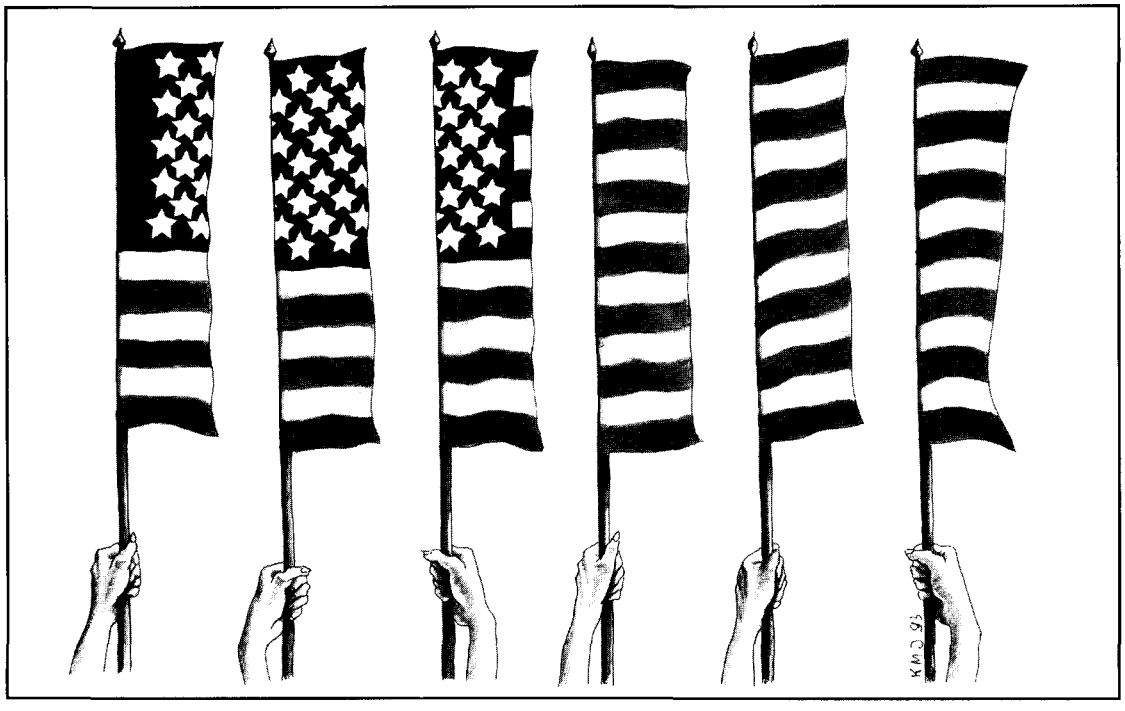
Cultural Diversity and Unity

by Claes G. Ryn



Krystyna M. Jachniewicz

There is plentiful historical evidence that cultural diversity and immigration need not undermine a society's cohesion. They can be sources of enrichment and renewal. Especially in a vital civilization, groups of different religious, ethnic, and national origin may be pulled, however reluctantly in particular cases, into a dynamic and fertile consensus.

One problem with immigration into the United States today is that, at current levels, it complicates assimilation. The number of foreign-born residents is higher than at any time in American history. Over 40 percent of the residents of New York City speak a foreign language at home. In Miami the figure is 75 percent. At the same time, many immigrants resist integration into a common national culture; some groups pursue separate ethnic or racial identities.

The impact of mass immigration and separatism cannot be assessed without considering the ever-present need to balance unity and diversity. It is important to ask whether American culture still has sufficient centripetal and harmonizing pull to avert social fragmentation. Whatever other problems may attend multiculturalism and immigration, they are straining an increasingly fragile social fabric. The question arises whether there are sources of order in American society, actual or potential, that can moderate and balance the centrifugal influences. Or does the strain on society need to be reduced?

Most Americans sense deepening social tensions but have difficulty identifying their central cause. A strong case can be made that the fragmentation of society stems, in its most important dimension, from disintegration at the moral core of civilization. Arguments presented elsewhere (as in my recent book *The New Jacobinism*) can here be only summarized. American society faces large-scale legal and illegal immigration and multiculturalism at a time when a certain traditional ethic, a virtue of character and personal responsibility, is losing its strength and prestige.

The older virtue can be conveniently summarized in the phrase "love of neighbor." It stressed personal obligations to individuals up close. This virtue made possible a society that was at the same time decentralized and morally cohesive. The cohesion derived from recognition of a universal moral authority and from citizens' efforts to harmonize their lives accordingly. They were not unified mainly through doctrinal agreement. Neither were they unified mainly by national boosterism. Conflict was reduced through acts of self-discipline and kindness. Social harmony was understood to require moral character and good conduct first of all. There were no shortcuts to a better society. A larger social good, including the preservation of freedom, was seen as possible only if imperfect and sinful human beings would restrain and improve themselves. The importance of local and central government was recognized, as was the need for religious, moral, intellectual, and cultural authority, but the primary responsibility for dealing with problems was understood to rest with those who were most immediately concerned.

From this understanding of virtue and social life grew a decentralized, group-oriented society. The common good did not require conformity to a comprehensive plan—the conception of unity favored by the French Jacobins and their de-

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scendants today. Diversity did not have to be abolished. On the contrary, the common good was seen to entail respect for and adjustment to the legitimate needs and interests of individuals, groups, localities, and regions. Diversity would be made compatible with unity through self-restraint and consideration for others—again, not merely in theory but in actual conduct.

Today the virtue of moral self-discipline and effort is being replaced by the ever more brazen self-gratification of individuals and groups. People who shy away from the rigors of the old virtue of character but who still would like to think of themselves as moral have available to them new conceptions of "virtue." These have the convenience of not demanding any difficult improvement of self. It is now possible to qualify as virtuous either by emoting sweet benevolence or by keeping the right ideas in one's head. These modes of morality often blend in one and the same person. The more sentimental virtue is altruistic sympathy, tearful "compassion" for favored suffering groups. The more rationalistic form consists of incessant talk about "justice" and "rights." Both forms evade the need to shape character and thus neglect the most basic requirement of civilized life.

Continued neglect or mishandling of acute social problems may produce more explosive fragmentation. The day could come, even in the United States, when power-seeking demagogues focus the resulting popular resentments on immigrants and outsiders and propose drastic measures to 'save' society.

The problem of order and freedom was summed up by Edmund Burke: "Men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites. . . . Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere, and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without." Lack of self-discipline among society's members increases the need for externally imposed controls. The present is clearly a time of weakening internal checks. The tidal wave of crime is only the most obvious example. To the great strain on social order is now added cultural separatism and large-scale immigration, legal and illegal. The conclusion seems inescapable: social cohesion will increasingly have to be imposed from without.

The current problems of the United States were anticipated with remarkable prescience and precision three-quarters of a century ago by Irving Babbitt. (It is a national misfortune that Americans have paid less attention to one of their own truly great thinkers than to lesser European lights.) Babbitt even took up the problems of immigration and multiculturalism. In 1924 he wrote in characteristic style: "We are assured . . . that the highly heterogeneous elements that enter into our population will, like various instruments in an orchestra, merely result in a richer harmony; they will, one may reply, provided that, like an orchestra, they be properly led. Otherwise the outcome may be an unexampled cacophony."

Babbitt's erudite and realistic analysis of the moral circumstances of the modern world offers invaluable insight into the prerequisites of order in a culturally more diverse America. He addressed the needs of an era in which Christianity would retreat as a disciplining and harmonizing influence and in which a shrinking world would create growing interaction between different populations. He formulated the central problem as follows: "The special danger of the present time would seem to be an increasing material contact between national and racial groups that remain spiritually alien." These circumstances require special moral and cultural effort, including identification and cultivation of the ecumenical element in the higher religions and ethical traditions. Nobody could be more critical than Babbitt of sentimental and abstract universalism. Unmistakably and unabashedly American, Babbitt represents a cosmopolitanism that would respect and seek the common ground with other cultures without trying to efface existing identities.

A very different and currently fashionable view of how to achieve social and political unity confuses civilized consensus with ideological unity. Order is supposed to result when all are taught the same allegedly universal democratic ideas. According to this view—which may be called the civics approach to social order—not even porous borders need present any serious problem, provided that the new arrivals are properly instructed.

The civics approach fails to understand the nature and social and political importance of personal character. It underestimates the extent to which moral and social order evolve historically. The civics approach seems to hold great appeal for such commentators as William Bennett, Chester Finn, and the late Allan Bloom who view law and order and civilized life as flowing from proper instruction and thinking. But in reality they emerge from the protracted effort and cooperation of many generations. Social order derives in very large measure from cultural continuity, from the careful absorption and cultivation, in practice as well as theory, of the best of the historical heritage. A living past helps inspire and structure the present. A slow initiation into civilized life comprising a broad range of human concerns is not the same as learning to mouth certain "principles" said to contain "the wisdom of the West."

A failure to understand society as a historically evolving community marks the thinking of John Locke. For him order and freedom rest on the rationality of the individuals who live at a particular time. Locke has little sense of the degree to which peaceful conditions presuppose strength of character and other civilized dispositions in individuals and of how much these traits owe to the efforts of earlier generations as transmitted through living traditions.

For Locke, order and freedom have their source in abstract, ahistorical rationality. He does not recognize that the ability to reason is itself historically and socially evolved and that reason is very far from being some purely individual faculty. Locke simply places rationality and other civilized preferences among the natural attributes of an imaginary, pre-social, discrete individual. The particular self, as it exists outside of every cultural context, is assumed to have the resources necessary for an ordered existence. Individuals become socially

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interchangeable.

A similar ahistorical view of society is reflected in the cliché that the United States is a young country. Except in the sense that America was settled in new geographic territory, the United States is of course no younger than any other country in the Western world. Its roots stretch deep into the distant past. The Framers of the Constitution and the American people at large were imbued with classical and biblical prejudices and habits that helped shape the work at Philadelphia. From the point of view of what insures American social and political order, the least significant part of the Constitution is the written document. Far more important is the unwritten constitution, all of those religious, moral, intellectual, and aesthetic habits and attitudes that are implied in the written text. Without them the Constitution would not have been conceived as it was, and without them it could not have been successfully put into practice.

It is common to speak of the United States as the result of a "founding," as if the country had been made up more or less from scratch by people with good ideas, as if "lawgivers" had bestowed a plan on the American people that gave them a common identity and purpose. For Allan Bloom, America was the implementation of a rational plan for "freedom and equality." "This is a regime founded by philosophers and their students," wrote Bloom. "America is actually nothing but a great stage" on which theories have been acted out. "There are almost no accidents." American order and freedom were thus spun out of a few enlightened minds. Abstract ideas, not historically formed personalities, built the United States. In Bloom's interpretation, the Framers were on much the same wavelength as Rousseau and the French Revolutionaries. They had a plan for an egalitarian and majoritarian order, which the American people adopted.

It is in this kind of thinking that one finds the roots of the civics approach to social order. The solution to problems related to immigration and multiculturalism is instruction in the right ideas. It was the intent of the Framers, Bloom insisted, to phase out cultural particularity: "By recognizing and accepting man's natural rights, men found a fundamental basis of unity and sameness. Class, race, religion, national origin or culture all disappear or become dim when bathed in the light of natural rights, which give men common interests and make them truly brothers."

In Bloom's view, historical identities threaten ideological unity and should give way to like-mindedness. The America of which he approved asks people "to give up their 'cultural individuality' and to make themselves into that universal, abstract being who participates in natural rights or else be doomed to an existence on the fringe." The Framers, in this view, did not desire a harmony of many different legitimate interests but ideological homogeneity. For Bloom, what was admirable about America is separate from its uniqueness as a historically shaped country. America is held together and "ennobled" by natural rights that exist apart from, and even in conflict with, cultural traditions and identities.

Abstractionist universalism thus looks to correct thinking to supply the needed ordering of person and society. But ideas acquired in the abstract are no substitute for that slowly and laboriously acquired self-restraint of individuals and groups on which a free society most depends. Advocates of the civics approach fail to appreciate the connection between present order and historically formed culture. Although they may refer ceremonially to the "principles of the West" or the like, they are often suspicious of—even hostile to—the actual Western past as being far inferior to present correct thinking. The civics approach tends to become instruction toward preconceived ideological conclusions—indoctrination rather than education. Insofar as this approach neglects the varied and extended absorption and nurturing of the civilized heritage that fosters real personal responsibility, the social cohesion that it desires must be supplied in practice by ideological intimidation and, finally, by police and law courts.

It would seem highly relevant to immigration policy that the United States is an extension of European and especially English civilization. The form of government that the Framers set up was indistinguishable from the unwritten constitution, including the virtue of character. Although that ethos overlaps in some respects with non-Western civilizations, America's political institutions and other traditions connect the United States primarily with Europe. The long-term effect of large-scale immigration from societies that are largely untouched by traditional Western civilization is unclear. While it is possible that immigrants from Asia, for example, will add to the American pool some cultural traits that are needed or that will cause desirable cross-fertilization, the present troubles of American society can hardly be overcome by trying to import culture. A cultural resurgence of the necessary depth and scope must surely spring from within the historically rooted American national character itself. In the absence of that kind of revival, large-scale immigration and cultural separatism within the United States are likely to aggravate the problem of fragmentation.

If only a resurgence of American culture can buttress social order, it should be stressed that sound patriotism always has an ingredient of cosmopolitan and aristocratic breadth. The needed creative and unifying spark cannot be supplied by populist nationalism. To pin the hopes for a national renewal on an idealized common man or "middle class" is misguided and even dangerous. For all his possible strengths, the common man is and remains a limited creature prone to narrow views and lack of imagination, even in the best of times. He is at least as prone to the weaknesses of human nature as others. Unfortunately, the illusion survives that the common people are a repository of virtue and wisdom.

One of the least salutary parts of Thomas Jefferson's mixed and contradictory legacy is his populism: elites should always be mistrusted (especially if they are kings, nobles, or priests), but the common people are OK. Government must be cleansed from time to time by the right-thinking masses. Populism seems plausible today, because present elites are so clearly dominated by decadent, escapist attitudes. But it would be a great mistake, especially in our disoriented era, to look to "the people" for sources of purity and social unity. Populism is only another form of escape from the real problem, which is that Western civilization as a whole is disintegrating at the moral center. The people in general may today be less obviously corrupt than the elites in some respects, but that is not because of some natural propensity to virtue greater than that of elites. The mass is just slower to change and lags behind the more daring and creative elites. The people seem culturally conservative today only in comparison with more adventurous leaders. If the mass of common men have such sound instincts, who is digesting all those television pro-

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grams, movies, records, musicals, and novels? Who is paying all those college and university faculty and electing and re-electing all those congressmen?

True, among the common people are the millions of decent and responsible individuals without whom American society would fall apart. Popular culture at its best forms the wholesome ballast for the ship of state. Populist rhetoric may be defensible for political leaders who are trying to dislodge destructive elites, but no illusions about the wisdom of the masses should surround populist appeals. Such appeals are a sign of desperation; they are in effect a declaration of cultural and political bankruptcy. Populism of a more programmatic, ideological kind plays with fire. It masks an unsound drive for power. It pursues a stifling and merely artificial social unity. John Adams was more representative of early American political thought than Jefferson when he said that the people can be as tyrannical as any king.

If a renewal of American and Western civilization is still possible, it requires advanced ethical, intellectual, aesthetical, and political creativity and leadership. New elites must form and replace or sway the present ones. What could be more superficial than the idea that a couple of electoral triumphs for "the people" might set America right.

It can be plausibly argued that America's elites show few signs of sobering up. Continued neglect or mishandling of acute social problems may produce more explosive fragmentation. The day could come, even in the United States, when power-seeking demagogues focus the resulting popular resentments on immigrants and outsiders and propose drastic measures to "save" society. Should that day come, all bets are off. To avert that prospect, courageous but realistic leadership is needed now. c

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Just Folks

by R.S. Gwynn

As penance for your class's wrongs
    You sojourned in the Congo,
Conducting tribal sing-alongs
    To the beat of your bongo.

And when the plaintive messages
    Arrived from Alabama,
You tuned up, leading choruses
    Of "If I Had a Hammer."

Then later, at the Pentagon's
    Chain fences, never bolder,
You deftly crooned "Give Peace a Chance"
    In the ear of a soldier.

But somewhere down the picket line
    The issues grow remoter:
Ballads to boycott beer or wine
    Won't move the average voter.

Now in a local motel bar
    Nostalgia's what you market
To make the notes on your new car.
    You're careful where you park it.

Still, you can rouse us with a song,
    Leading the mellowed voices
Unsure of which side's right or wrong
    Or even what the choice is.

So wail Leadbelly's "Bourgeois Blues"
    Weaving home in your Volvo.
Friend, you've more than paid your dues:
    Ego te absolvo.

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Therapeutic Democracy

by Paul Gottfried

Krystyna M. Jachniewicz

It is impossible to judge what is wrong with democracy unless we first understand its changing and constant features. The democratic principle as we now encounter it is both ancient and rudely contemporary. Among the ancient aspects of our contemporary democracy are the spirit of equality and the dangers that result therefrom. Aristotle properly perceived that democracy involves a regime of the have-nots, and, as he tells us in *Politics*, Book Three, the connection between democracy and indigence, real or imagined, is more important than whether the poor become the popular majority. Rule by the multitudes would not be democratic, Aristotle notes, unless that multitude was, or saw itself as, materially deprived. In the *Republic*, Book Nine, Plato depicts democrats as drones avid for the honeycomb produced by the industrious few. Lack of discipline, exemplified by a demand for endless oration and a boundless appetite for the fruits of others' work, characterizes democratic man, and by degrees, Plato shows, the lawlessness of democratic life gives rise to tyranny.

The coupling of democracy and equality was axiomatic among Greek political theorists, and it has remained thus for modern critics and exponents of democratic institutions, from Rousseau and Tocqueville to Carl Schmitt, John Dewey, and Harry Jaffa. Whether these theorists advocate or deplore democracy, clearly none of them dissociates it from the expanding application of the principle of equality. Legal equality must move toward political and, to some extent, social equality if democracy is to remain true to its essence. The toleration of privilege, it is said, works against the inculcation of a democratic ethos; thus, as Professor Jaffa is fond of reminding us, American political leaders pointed back to their nation's doctrinal origins while fighting a war against slavery and carrying through a belated civil rights revolution.

But also present in classical democracy and in the Swiss, Italian, and American republicanism of an earlier age (though increasingly absent from modern Western democracies, including our own) was the practice of self-government. Among Plato's chief objections to democracy was that the *demos* in fact governed and were preeminently in a position to inflict their greed and sloppiness on society in general. It was *homonoia*, spiritual and ethical unity, not *isegoria*, allowing everyone to have his say, that Plato believed produced a good government and a public-minded population. To achieve a citizenry capable of self-government, ancient democracies and ancient democratic statesmen engaged in what today would be considered hate crimes. With due respect to Donald Kagan who celebrates him as the forerunner of global democracy, Pericles—an advocate of the people and later a virtual tyrant—began his political career by striking from the voting roles Athenians who were not descended from *astoi*, registered citizens, on both sides. This act was genuinely popular and was thought to underline Pericles' respect for the lineage of all properly born Athenians, whatever their social status. In *Politics*, Book Seven, Aristotle pointedly warns against allowing *xenoi*, aliens, to overwhelm an already established polity. Such an oversight could result in social disruption and, as Bertrand de Jouvenel explains in *The Pure Theory of Politics*, undermine effective self-government by lessening the recognized value of each individual citizen. The larger and more heterogeneous the population base of a political society, Jouvenel observes, the more difficult it is for citizens to run public affairs in a meaningful way. Whence the at-

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tempt of ancient democracies to limit rigorously the right of citizenship.

Such facts, it can be argued, illustrate the impoverished imaginations and bigoted mindsets of the ancient world. If Aristotle had only known about democratic capitalism, he would have established his own Heritage Foundation, propagating the ideas of open borders and universal nations. And Plato, once enlightened about global economies and the propositional nature of an American democracy in which anyone can be a citizen by believing selectively in the Declaration of Independence, would have insisted on the ultimate *beau geste*: bringing the ancestors of the Haitian boat people to ancient Greece, as full citizens.

At the very least, we are led to believe, James Madison would have been suitably broad-minded. Had not that American Founder praised (in *Federalist* 51) the merits of an extended republic, a regime that would avoid the claustrophobia and strife of ancient republics by opening American society to as many groups as might want to come in? The ensuing diversity would presumably protect us against the danger of majority factions, as proliferating heterogeneous groups would spread out along the Eastern seaboard. This appeal to Madison as a multiculturalist is stupid, dishonest, or, what is more likely, both. Madison, in his comments on the composition of an extended American republic, was referring to artisans, merchants, farmers, Presbyterians, Anglicans, Methodists, and possibly Catholics and Jews. But he was surely not speaking about unemployed Rastafarians. He was not indifferent to the kind of cultural base American republicanism required to maintain the ordered liberty under English Common Law that was then, more than now, the birthright of American citizens. Mel Bradford may have turned himself into a moving target by devoting his career to glossing this obvious point, but it is obvious nonetheless. And what renders Bradford's observation on the inherently restrictive nature of American republicanism so obvious is that the Founders intended to have communities look after themselves. On this there was no disagreement between Federalists and Antifederalists—or among most Americans until the present century. The Madisonian system by which Americans lived assumed that regions and localities would attend to their own affairs while operating together in dynamic tension. The federal government would mediate their differences, provide for the common defense, and regulate interstate commerce. But it was not there, at least not until recently, to impose thought control on groups that in the absence of sensitivity training and handouts would be unable, or so it is feared, to coexist in the same society.

Contrary to what Edwin Yoder states in his December 19, 1992, syndicated column, the Bill of Rights did not first come to be taken seriously "twenty or thirty years ago," when the federal government began applying it against states and localities. It had originally served as a safeguard for states' rights as well as for the rights of citizens within states against congressional encroachments. That document goes back to a time when a smaller and far more culturally homogeneous America still practiced self-government, which presupposed state and local control over access to voting and offices. As the Ninth and certainly the Tenth Amendments indicate, that exercise in self-rule depended on keeping federal power limited to certain specified tasks. To the question of whether that self-rule guaranteed equality to all American residents, the answer is plainly no.

Until the 20th century, with the problematic exception of revolutionary France, democratic citizenship was never open to everyone, not even to all residents of self-described democracies. Such regimes have followed the principle that those who are not of the political community, which sets up its own rules for membership, do not exercise its political rights. Thus the Swiss cantons only conferred full citizenship on males who had been born in them and belonged to their established churches. Such circumscribing of citizenship does not indicate disregard for the practice of self-rule. Rather, it demonstrates the continuity of the classical republican assumption that the possibility of self-rule hinges on the presence of cultural unity and of jealously guarded limits on citizenship.

Democratic pluralists reject this idea categorically. They insist that Americans and other Westerners think of their societies as perpetually incomplete and in need of diversity. They are not deterred by the prospects of the instability that results from trying to absorb more unlike things into a society whose collective existence has become steadily more precarious and violent. Speaking on behalf of the pluralist experiment, Leon Wieseltier in the *New Republic* last year scolded longtime social democrat and British poet Stephen Spender for disapproving of further Third World immigration into Europe. Spender saw such added pressure on countries already afflicted with violence and social unrest as something one ought to avoid. Besides, he concluded, "the immigrants themselves are by no means always upholders of democracy." Wieseltier, unsettled by his argument and by his reference to a "global population hotch-potch," stated in response that Spender had confused the object and the source of the hatred: "Reactionary forces are not reacting at all, they are seizing an opportunity to act on a desire." Moreover, "democrats are not born, they are made. Democracy is an instruction, a taught discipline, and the instincts that it inhibits are common to clay."

Wieseltier's own conception of democracy has nothing to do with the practice of self-government or with training for citizenship in a community living by its own lights and customs. It is a "taught discipline" that requires us to rise above what we are or, more accurately, used to be as a result of our political and cultural heritage and to open ourselves to imposed change. And it is not we who are supposed to make or unmake that change as a prudential decision; we are only to allow it to happen *to* us—as "an instruction," to use the pseudo-classical rhetoric typical of the new democratic ideologues. As I argue in my book on Carl Schmitt and the nation-state, what democratic pluralists chiefly want is a return to erotic politics, to the bonds of civic fraternity present in the ancient city, albeit under altered circumstances. In the new erotic politics, we shall live together in a global society that absorbs but never excludes. Any retreat from that ideal is now identified in the popular press with tribalism or with a slippery slope leading precipitately into Auschwitz.

Therapeutic democracy, as practiced by a growing welfare state, has a symbiotic relationship to erotic politics. Indeed that politics has become the ideal that fuels managerial tyranny at home and abroad. In the absence of cohesive societies capable of looking after themselves, sensitizing bureaucrats, particularly social workers, have risen to political power. And to some extent this ascendancy has been necessary to maintain civil peace among otherwise warring minorities. A vast bu-

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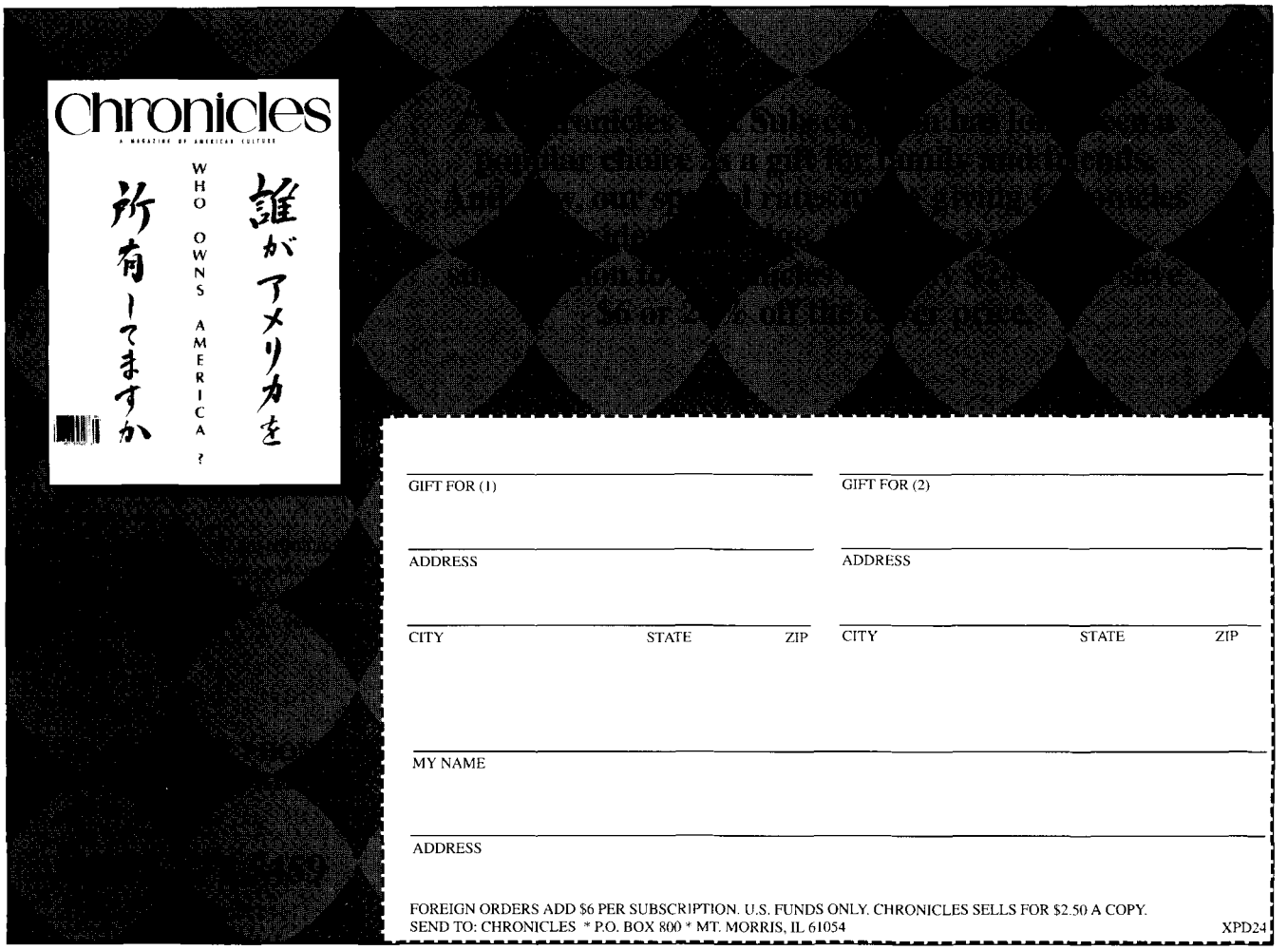
reaucratic structure has sprung into being in France to help absorb incoming North Africans under the banner of "the rights of man." This bureaucratic network has also been charged with the "sensibilisation" of the French population, whose dislike of the new immigrants is all too apparent. Of course, it is hard to imagine any group that would clash with the French more dramatically than North African Moslems, with whom they fought a long and bloody war in the postwar period and who insist on bringing Moslem dress and religious practices into French public schools. Though there is surging popular resistance, French journalists grouped around *Le Monde*, social professionals, and human rights advocates in the government have protested any change in immigration policy. It is the French, not the growing and largely unassimilable minority, that are seen as being at fault. Democratic pluralists are always stressing the need for constant adaptation to alien and even shocking lifestyles. This adaptation, it may be inferred, will have to continue until we have shed all established identities in favor of a coercively homogenized and bureaucratically sensitized world community.

I remember a December morning in 1991, when I made the mistake of allowing my eyes to stray over breakfast coffee onto a newspaper column by Richard Cohen. A human rights maven who ranted against a congressman for appearing in public with Pat Buchanan (whom he had personally excommunicated), Cohen was exercised that morning over new insensitivities. The United States was stubbornly refusing to admit 20,000 more Haitians; and this callous behavior made him think of how America had turned back German Jews fleeing Hitler in 1940. What one situation has to do with the other, save for the desire of various people in the 20th century to enter our country, is, to me at least, unclear. Certainly there is no reason to assume that Haitians who return to their homeland will meet a fate as dire as the one that overtook Jews in Nazi Germany. But, even more to the point, are the Haitians whom Cohen and Jesse Jackson and their ilk encourage us to take in likely to yield the same types of citizens as the German Jews who were turned away in 1940? Such an outcome seems highly improbable, on the basis of what can be learned about both groups. But for Cohen and other democratic pluralists, such qualitative distinctions or the unequal dangers faced by different refugees from different societies are ultimately irrelevant. The issue comes down to determining how many diverse minorities we can stick between the two oceans for social workers to assist and human rights advocates to represent. There are no legitimate communities, national or otherwise, in Cohen's and Wieseltier's universe, except for designated victims, social therapists, and concerned intellectuals. Unfortunately, these same lobbies stand in the way of any attempt to restore real political communities or even a semblance of self-government in America. c



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Chicken Little Is a Christian

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

"Good News."
—Title of a novel by Edward Abbey about the collapse of civilization in the American Southwest

Earthkeeping in the '90s: Stewardship of Creation
Edited by Loren Wilkinson
Grand Rapids, Michigan: Eerdmans; 391 pp., $19.99

God Is Green
by Ian Bradley
New York: Doubleday; 118 pp., $8.00

Green Delusions: An Environmentalist Critique of Radical Environmentalism
by Martin W. Lewis
Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press; 288 pp., $24.95

A Green History of the World: The Environment and the Collapse of Great Civilizations
by Clive Ponting
New York: St. Martin's Press; 432 pp., $24.95

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The chief victim to date in the so-called Culture War is neither George Bush nor the Republican Party but "the Environment," or what Christians used to call Creation. In the more than two decades since environmentalism emerged as an international *cause célèbre*, opponents as well as proponents have invested so much of their energies, beliefs, and themselves in the issue that it has become second only to the abortion question in its ability to elicit visceral and even violent response. The truth is that anti-abortionism and environmentalism are philosophically and fundamentally related interests, and only pride and a mutual conviction that they are arguing from first principles alien to and incomprehensible by the other side prevent the two groups from understanding that they actually hold, as it were, two ends of the same stick—that the case for protecting human life in the womb is related to, though not synonymous with, the argument for preserving the natural world from man's depredation. Theoretically at least, the possibility exists for pro-life Christians, who tend to be indifferent to ecological concerns, to acknowledge the moral justification of demands by environmentalists for the respect and care men owe to nature, and also for environmentalists, most of whom frankly encourage abortion, to concede that the human fetus has a just claim to be treated as equal in value to a baby seal.

Krystyna Jachimowicz

"Theoretically," however, is one of the most problematical words in the English language. The enmity between environmentalists and anti-environmentalists from the very beginning has displayed that personal animosity observable in all standoffs arising from ontological disagreements, which are always perceived as confrontations between the children of light and the children of darkness. Which side bears the greater blame is probably not significant, as well as being hard to ascertain, but certainly the biggest problem with environmentalism is environmentalists, as the worst thing about capitalism has always been capitalists. What *is* important is that one set of -ists has grown to hate the other set even more than it detests its -ism, and *vice versa*, making open and sympathetic discourse nearly impossible. Yet if the threat to the biological planet is to be honestly assessed and effectively addressed, this situation needs to be rectified, and sooner rather than later.

At issue is the question of whether the natural world is good or not, the stuff of divinity or else mere stuff, to be worshiped or exploited by the race of men. This radical dichotomy, clearly recognizable in contemporary argument, amounts to actual tradition in the West, beginning at least with Plato, who taught that the ideal forms beyond the natural world are alone of value. Plato was followed by Aristotle, who believed in the reality of true forms in nature but disbelieved in the soul as immortal spirit. The Stoics recognized nature as divine, while the Epicureans dismissed speculation regarding forms, purposes, or final ends in nature. During the Middle Ages, thinking about nature was kept separate from acting upon it; when the division between thought and action was healed, the modern age began. But the new age drove a wedge of its own devising when Descartes concluded mind and matter to be unrelated phenomena, thereby encouraging the notion of the created world as a machine lacking divine presence and accessible by man through scientific study for exploitation to solely human ends. Recently, aggravated Westerners with more susceptibility than sense have embraced the Eastern religions that teach the divinity of nature caught up in pantheistic wholeness, while better educated ones

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(including Christians) continue to rake old chestnuts over the fire while prattling about being fruitful and multiplying and subduing the earth. (St. Augustine—who arguably *did* take a disparaging view of nature, perhaps owing to his preconversion relationships with its female element—understood fruitfulness and multiplication as references not to human sexuality but rather to manifestations of the Holy Spirit.)

In 1967, an article by Lynn White, Jr., in *Science* popularized the claim that environmentalists have since made their principle indictment against Western civilization: Christianity, as the world's most anthropocentric religion, is foremostly responsible for the ethos that has legitimized the degradation of nature over the past several centuries. White's assertion was so superficially plausible that it went unchallenged for nearly a decade, even by Christians who thought they knew when to keep their mouths shut. (*Didn't* they hear every Sunday about man being made in the image of God to subdue the earth and establish dominion over all its creatures?) By the late 70's, however, they were beginning to recollect their faith as well as themselves, and in 1980 the Fellows of the Calvin Center for Christian Scholarship at Calvin College published *Earthkeeping*, a confidently eloquent and learned volume asserting not just the compatibility between Christianity and environmentalism but the explicit centrality of nature to the Good News of redemption. More completely than any other religion, the authors implied, Christianity reconciles the apparent dualism of mind and matter, man and nature, body and spirit, that has confounded human understanding from the dawn of civilization. So far from being anti-naturalist, Christianity properly understood is nature's best hope, proclaiming Christ's redemption of man *with* nature by the Crucifixion and the coming of the Kingdom of God. "[F]or the whole creation is waiting with eagerness for the children of God to be revealed. It was not for its own purposes that creation had frustration imposed on it, but for the purposes of him who imposed it—with the intention that the whole creation itself might be freed from its slavery to corruption and brought into the same glorious freedom as the children of God. We are well aware that the whole creation, until this time, has been groaning in labour pains" (Romans, 8:19-22, *New Jerusalem Bible*).

Earthkeeping in the '90s: Stewardship of Creation is an updated version of the original edition, including recent evidence of the present ecological crisis and new interpretations of the gospel of creation by Christian writers. Like Ian Bradley, the British author of *God Is Green*, the contributors admit that Christianity in the West has indeed emphasized man's intrinsic value over that of the natural world, an imbalance they trace to the influence of Greek thought on the development of Christian theology. (By contrast, the Eastern Church has traditionally recognized the participation of nature in the Redemption, as did Celtic Christianity, which developed not from Rome but from the Eastern branch of the Church.) Both *Earthkeeping* and *God Is Green* provide compelling textual readings establishing beyond cavil that the Old and the New Testaments imply and express an understanding of nature as a glorious work of God whose value is independent of its utility to man. A brilliant insight of the Calvin College team is expressed by their assertion that man in the image of God signifies a function, not an attribute:

> a consideration of what humans *are* shows that . . . they are most closely linked with the rest of creation, and . . . they are most clearly placed above creation, all of Eden being made for them. Certainly, then, one way to harmonize this apparent paradox is to recognize that it is only by virtue of human separation from nature that they can serve, and that it is the ability to be consciously a part of nature which enables them to be its legitimate master. The great surprise (especially if we tend to think that the "image of God" in us is some sort of privileged trait) is that in all that we do we are to be servants: dominion is to be understood as stewardship—that is how we image God. The whole of biblical history, and even of church history, can be helpfully understood as a long lesson in how humans are to use their ability to manipulate, dominate, and rule. We are accustomed to considering that story mainly in connection with our relationship to God and to other people, but a third dimension of that relationship concerns our attitude toward "nature"—non-human creation.

This final point was made half a century ago by Aldo Leopold, the father of modern environmentalism, in almost exactly similar terms: he thought the discovery of the "third dimension" to be part of "evolution."

The case, once trouble has been taken to make it, is effectively unanswerable; "theoretically," the way becomes clear for a rapprochement between antagonists in the Culture War. Unfortunately, in real life such things often fail to occur, as the authors of the Good Book well knew.

If "conservatives" have much invested, intellectually speaking, in anti-environmentalism, they have even more at stake in it materially. And, human nature being what it is, they are not easily persuaded to part with their investment. Anti-environmentalists (I mean the Christian, not the agnostic, ones) are people who know they have hold of a truth without wanting to push it any further than they have been made to do in the past: they are like Christ's disciples, sincerely wishing to learn the law of God with respect to divorce—but not so far as the teaching that to marry a divorced woman is to commit adultery. Environmentalists, on the other hand, are searching for a truth that they finally do not want to find and that they are therefore adept at not recognizing: once you acknowledge that Christianity is a better guide to man in his relationship with nature than Buddhism, Taoism, Hinduism, or Marxism, you are faced with the logical imperative of examining its claims as a guide to human social and sexual relationships as well. Also, environmentalism is increasingly a misanthropic movement whose aim is as much (or more) the destruction of civilization as it is the preservation of the wild—a return to prehistory that amounts to damnation, thinly disguised as salvation, of the human species for its arrogance and bigotry. Though strictly possible "in theory," mass conversion to Christianity through ecological enlightenment is probably not in the cards.

Nor, for related reasons, is conversion to capitalism. Martin Lewis's *Green Delusions* is a frank assessment of the

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fallacies of radical environmentalism. *Earthkeeping* notes how our appreciation of the natural world has paradoxically increased together with our ability to destroy it; Lewis argues that, having come this far in both environmental destruction and technological development, only further scientific discovery and technical advancement can rescue nature (and ourselves) from destruction. He also insists that capitalism alone among competing systems is both efficient and productive enough to deliver that advancement, while socialism's environmental record is even more dismal than its economic one. (There is no talk of stewardship, incidentally, in atheistic societies.) "Back to the Pleistocene!" is neither a feasible nor a desirable alternative: "seeking to dismantle modern civilization . . . has the potential to destroy the very foundations on which a new and ecologically sane order must be built." As a sensible counter to the fantasies of radical environmentalism, Lewis proposes "What I call a Promethean environmentalism, one that embraces the wildly creative, if at times wildly destructive, course of human ascent. Our future lies not in abandoning technology, but in harmonizing it to a new environmental vision." This vision would rest on

> the belief that only by disengaging our economy from the natural world can we allow adequate space for nature itself. The Promethean perspective adopted here advocates a form of environmental protection that green extremists would consider utterly heretical. Where they seek to reconstruct humanity with nature, I counter that human society should strive to separate itself as much as possible from the natural world, a notion that has aptly been labeled "decoupling" by the geographer Simmons. To advocate decoupling is to reject both the instrumentalist claim—that nature should be used merely for human ends—and the green counterargument—that humanity is, or should be, just another species in nature. . . . In a Promethean environmental future, humans would *accentuate* the gulf that sets us apart from the rest of the natural world—precisely in order to preserve and enjoy nature at a somewhat distant remove. Our alternative is to continue to struggle within nature, and in so doing to distort its forms by our inescapable unnatural presence. . . . Technologies, not natural resources, provide the essential motor of economic progress.

The obvious weakness of this argument has to do with the blurry formulation, "at a somewhat distant remove." What is Mr. Lewis trying to get at here? Does he imagine humanity eventually existing in something like the biospheres designed for human habitation on the moon or on Mars? Does he envision hundreds of millions of people gathered out of the suburbs and countryside into self-contained megalopoli hermetically sealed away from the seashores, valleys, mountains, and plains to which they would be allowed regulated access (perhaps by lottery ticket), monitored carefully by futuristic rangers to prevent them from stepping on the grass or wading in the shallow waters of a creek? If so, he needs to take into account that while man's Pleistocene instincts are probably lost to him forever, his need for contact with nature seems undiminished, in some ways stronger than several centuries ago—a direct result perhaps of his increasing physical estrangement from it. Will men and women of the future really be content to "separate themselves as much as possible from the natural world"? Surely all signs point to the opposite conclusion, which is the main reason why the environmentalist movement exists in the first place. Lewis's proposition is as likely to be perceived as "heretical" by Wendell Berry, the poet-farmer, as it would have been by Edward Abbey, the desert rat and inventor of monkeywrenching.

But maybe it *is* later than we think—perhaps there is simply no choice, or anyway few alternatives. This apparently is the conclusion of Clive Ponting in *A Green History of the World: The Environment and the Collapse of Great Civilizations*, which ends with the statement, "Past human actions have left contemporary societies with an almost insuperably difficult set of problems to solve." This is the sort of talk that heats Ben Wattenberg's and Julian Simon's concrete-encased brains to meltdown temperatures and goads solid conservatives like the editors of *National Review* to dismissive sarcasm: hysterical doomsaying is exactly what they expect from people silly enough to take seriously theories concerning the greenhouse effect and the destruction of the ozone layer. But . . . could these theories have a basis in fact?

While ecological catastrophe may or may not impend, surely the inability (or the refusal) to entertain its possibility is still another example of that abstraction of mind, the determined separation of mind and matter, quantity and value, number and experience, that has been the determining element in Western history since the close of the Middle Ages; if the environmentalists' warnings turn out to have been well-founded, historians (if there are any) of the future will probably identify it as the fatal element. On the other hand, a certain degree of fatalism—what Christendom called trust in Providence—is probably essential to a realistic attitude. The *Queen Mary* required ten miles to achieve full stop after the hard-astern command was given, the equivalent to stopping on a dime by comparison with modern civilization and the distance—or time—necessary to slacken its momentum or change its course appreciably. Historically speaking, few "problems" have ever been "solved"; instead they have been outgrown, and there is little reason to believe that environmental ones will end differently, whether through Promethean genius, pandemic warfare, or mass starvation.

One aspect, though, of possible environmental crisis needs to be considered by anti-environmentalists whose traditionalist habits of mind extend to a continued commitment to quaint notions like nationalism, limited government, and personal freedom: environmentalism is the most powerful rationale yet invented for globalism, the erosion of national sovereignty, statism, and the wholesale curtailment of individual liberties. If humanity really is in for a counterassault by Magna Mater, Gaia, or simply by the thwarted natural forces we have hitherto succeeded in manipulating to our benefit, we need to be thinking about the social and political as well as the scientific implications as far in advance as possible. Short-term goals like electing a Republican President, saving Ford and General Motors, and appeasing Wall Street and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce are all expendable.

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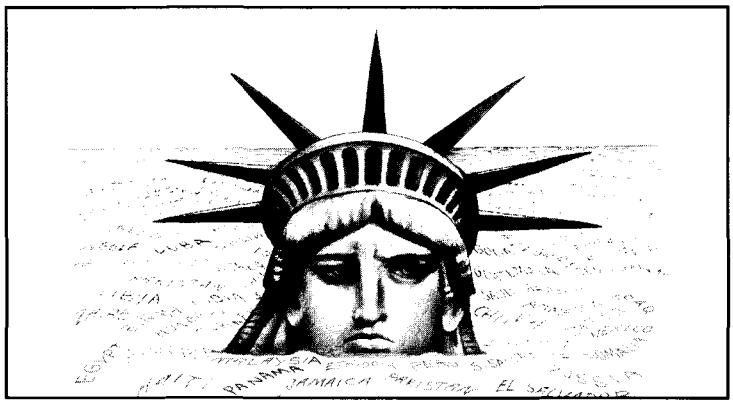
Crossroads America

by Wayne Lutton

"Dangers by being despised grow great."
—Edmund Burke



Krystyna M. Jachniewicz

A Catastrophe in the Making
by Keith C. Barrons
Tampa, Florida: Mancorp Publishing; 290 pp., $16.95

Crowding Out the Future: World Population Growth, U.S. Immigration, and Pressures on Natural Resources
by Robert W. Fox and Ira Mehlman
Washington, D.C.: Federation for American Immigration Reform; 64 pp., $10.00

Elephants in the Volkswagen
by Lindsey Grant et al.
New York: W.H. Freeman; 272 pp., $22.95 (hardback), $13.95 (paperback)

Immigration and the Future Racial Composition of the United States
by Leon Bouvier and Cary B. Davis
Monterey, Virginia: American Immigration Control Foundation; 27 pp., $2.00

Fifty Million Californians?
by Leon Bouvier
Washington, D.C.: Center for Immigration Studies; 93 pp., $9.95

Florida in the 21st Century: The Challenge of Population Growth
by Leon Bouvier and Bob Weller
Washington, D.C.: Center for Immigration Studies; 203 pp., $9.95

Thirty Million Texans?
by Leon Bouvier and Dudley L. Poston, Jr.
Washington, D.C.: Center for Immigration Studies; 113 pp., $9.95

Immigration 2000: The Century of the New American Sweatshop
edited by Dan Stein
Washington, D.C.: Federation for American Immigration Reform; 158 pp., $7.50

A Colony of the World: The United States Today
by Eugene McCarthy
New York: Hippocrene Books; 120 pp., $16.95

Although preelection polls indicated that likely voters would favor candidates who supported immigration control, Bill Clinton, George Bush, and Ross Perot did not consider the issue worth mentioning during the recent presidential contest. But if our leaders wish the "i" word would go away, in the future the public may not let them. A *Wall Street Journal*/NBC poll taken six weeks after the November election confirmed that anti-immigration sentiment is running high, with 71 percent of those surveyed saying that immigration should be cut back.

At least two major reasons account for this new evidence of sustained concern. First, the prospect of millions of "refugees" flooding into our country is not a source of comfort. Within hours of Clinton's election, Haitians started building boats to make their one-way cruise to the American land of milk and honey. In the New World Disorder, there are, by Freedom House's definition, perhaps 4 billion people who might qualify as potential refugees.

Second, the American economy is undergoing some fundamental restructuring, marked by dramatic down-sizing. We simply do not need additional foreign job-seekers, nor clients for our overburdened welfare programs. With an estimated 30 million adult illiterates, there is certainly no shortage of potential, unskilled workers. And white collar professions have been hit hard during the past decade, with tens of thousands laid off. The engineers, doctors, and professors streaming in from India and Pakistan should stay where they are and serve their own people. And is our economy really dependent upon Koreans and Middle Easterners to operate our convenience and liquor stores?

Those of us involved in immigration reform have long believed that the debate would evolve through three stages. One, the *Statue of Liberty* phase, in

Wayne Lutton is associate editor of the Social Contract *quarterly. His books include* The Immigration Time Bomb, *coauthored with Palmer Stacy (1985), and, with John Tanton,* The Winds of Change: A New Look at American Immigration Policy.

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which appeals to the misrepresented imagery of the statue and a recitation of Emma Lazarus' sonnet would provide ready answers to any and all immigration policy questions. America, according to this view, should be perpetually open to unlimited immigration. Two, the *caveat* phase, in which people would begin to reconsider their position, while feeling obliged to voice departures from orthodoxy discreetly by prefacing comments with, "Now, I'm not a racist or a xenophobe, but I've been thinking about immigration and . . ." And three, the *free discussion* phase, in which immigration policy would finally be acknowledged as a legitimate topic for public debate, just like any other national issue. Those who engaged in the debate could do so without having to endure a campaign of character assassination.

The raft of new titles published in this country touching on the interrelated issues of population, immigration, resources, and community and national unity—of which space permits the highlighting here of only a few—is a sign that the debate is at long last moving into its mature phase. Any lingering reservations one might have about forthrightly discussing concerns regarding immigration and population should be dispelled by the fact that the eminently respectable George Kennan devotes the seventh chapter of his new book, *Around the Cragged Hill*, to these very issues. Reflecting on a lifetime of service to the elements that assumed power with the election of Woodrow Wilson, Kennan contends that "there is an optimal balance, dependent on the manner of man's life, between the density of human population and the tolerances of nature." For the United States, this balance was surpassed by 1970, when our population topped the 200 million mark. Whatever was our past ability to absorb waves of culturally diverse immigrants, "that is water over the dam." History points to other advanced societies whose inhabitants have been displaced by more fertile, if less civilized, newcomers. "Surely there is a lesson in this," Kennan observes. He fears that if we refuse to reassess our immigration policies in light of new realities, the migration of Third and Fourth Worlders "will find its termination only when the levels of overpopulation and poverty in the United States are equal to those of the countries from which these people are now too anxious to escape. . . . [T]he inability of any society to resist immigration is a serious weakness, and possibly even a fatal one."

Keith Barrons is an agronomist who has played a key role in the "Green Revolution," including the engineering of genetic improvements in vegetables, the discovery and development of herbicides used to increase grain yields, and the pioneering research of "no till" farming, which retards soil erosion. The optimism that marked his earlier experiences has been tempered by acknowledgment that the 100-plus countries comprising the Third World are undergoing population growth rates—a doubling of their numbers in 20 years—that outstrip their carrying capacity. In *A Catastrophe in the Making*, he reviews mankind's demographic past and present and considers its likely future. Rebutting Cornucopians such as Julian Simon, he explains that their positions are based on assumptions about economic and agricultural growth that are 30 years out-of-date. Per-acre output has leveled off, and the limits to solar energy and usable water dictate an end to the truly remarkable gains of the recent past. Ninety-six percent of future world population growth will come among the inhabitants of the Third World. These rates must come down, or virtually all of them will face increasing poverty and hunger and irrevocable environmental degradation. As Dr. Barrons warns his readers, it is this very real population explosion that creates immense pressures for migration to the United States.

An international demographer, Robert Fox, and an immigration researcher, Ira Mehlman, have collaborated to produce *Crowding Out the Future: World Population Growth, U.S. Immigration, and Pressures on Natural Resources*. This excellent book, suitable for classroom use, combines text, computer-generated graphics, satellite imagery, and charts to explain how population growth outside of the United States is generating immigration pressures. The authors go on to point out that nearly half of America's population lives on just 10 percent of its landmass, which happens to comprise the most ecologically fragile areas of the country. American population growth, fueled by unprecedented levels of immigration, is choking the very ecosystems that support human existence on the North American continent. The book includes thought-provoking original essays by human ecologist Garrett Hardin and former Colorado Governor Richard Lamm, who discuss the ethics of population growth and immigration control. Hardin counters the argument that we have a moral obligation to take in all who wish to come by reminding his readers that "charity begins at home" and that "brothers and sisters in all

The Aspect of Eternity

BRUCE BAWER

In *The Aspect of Eternity*, literary critic Bruce Bawer appraises the full body of work by such writers as Willa Cather, Peter Matthiessen, Doris Lessing, Flannery O'Connor, and Graham Greene. Biting, acerbic, frequently brilliant, and always entertaining, the fifteen essays in this book will prove a welcome addition to the library of any serious reader.

"Bruce Bawer is a critic of the first order, one of the best we have today."
(Robert Phillips, *Commonweal*)

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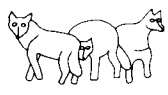

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sovereign states must accept the responsibility of solving their population problems *in their own territories.*" Lamm points out that such pressing national problems as unemployment, crime, health care, education, pollution, and national unity are all exacerbated by population growth fed by immigration. He urges America to become an example to others of how a prosperous, stable society can be created.

Most discussions of population are carried on in terms of the maximum number of people a given area can support. Representative of this school is economics professor Jacqueline Kasun, a disciple of Julian Simon who suggested in her book *The War Against Population* that the entire population of the world could comfortably live in the state of Texas. Lindsey Grant, former Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Environmental and Population Affairs, asked a group of experts in the fields of energy use, agriculture, biology, resource management, labor economics, immigration policy, sociology, and national defense the following questions: "Ideally, given the issues facing the country, how many Americans *should* there be? How many would be *desirable*? How can we get there, and how long would it take?" The responses to his challenge are given in *Elephants in the Volkswagen*, the first book published in this country to link our population size with a host of pressing national problems.

Grant and his colleagues refute the fundamental assumptions of those who argue that continuing population growth is desirable, arguing that the United States is already over-populated, especially given the standard of living we wish future generations to enjoy, and that national policies and social behavior are exacerbating the situation. Paul Werbos of the National Science Foundation contends that, though we require a skilled and productive labor force, current immigration policy favors the admission of unskilled Third World natives. And increasingly, "it is the poorest [Americans] who are having the most children."

Crowded societies, the authors point out, do not leave much room for the kinds of freedom that can be enjoyed in uncrowded ones. Had the American population stabilized at the 1950 mark of 150 million, today we would require no imported oil, pollution would be dramatically lower, and many other problems would be less intense or nonexistent. By calling for restrictive immigration policies and other measures to reduce population density in the United States, the contributors to this symposium demonstrate how individual prosperity and a quality environment may be assured for future generations. As Grant explains in his concluding essay, "In a world of nation-states, we have neither the authority nor the patent to save the rest of the world. Our responsibility is to our own people, and to our descendants."

Eleven years ago, Leon Bouvier, a Tulane University demographer long associated with the Population Reference Bureau, co-authored *The Future Racial Composition of the United States*, which stated matter-of-factly that "we are at a crossroads in the development of the nation. . . . The United States is on the verge of being transformed ethnically and racially." Given continuing high rates of Third World immigration and relatively high birthrates by these new entrants and their descendants, sometime in the early to mid-21st century non-Hispanic whites will no longer constitute a majority. Whether this will prove to be a blessing or instead lead to the sort of strife we now witness in the former Soviet Union and the subcontinent of India, he would not hazard to predict. He emphasized that his work was based on projections of events that need not come to pass. But for an alternative future to be possible, he added, changes in American population policy would have to be enacted—and soon.

At the request of the Center for Immigration Studies, Dr. Bouvier has directed demographic studies of three states that are the destination of preference for many immigrants. Readers who are afraid of statistics need not shy away from these volumes, which include only the essential figures, accompanied by clear text. Bouvier presents the available facts and notes the prevailing trends. He and his coauthors leave it to the reader to arrive at his own conclusions.

Bouvier's *Fifty Million Californians?* focuses on the nation's most populous state. California's population, now at 31 million, may surpass 50 million by 2020. Well before that happens, perhaps as soon as the year 2000, the state's non-Hispanic whites are expected to comprise less than half of the population. California already suffers from high unemployment, a huge state budget deficit, overcrowded schools, growing welfare rolls, severe air pollution and water shortages, and traffic gridlock, in addition to mounting ethnic conflict. One can only guess at what the political future holds for this multiple-minority state.

Bouvier and sociologist Bob Weller, currently Scientific Research Administrator at the National Institutes of Health, assess the Sunshine State in *Florida in the 21st Century*. They point out that Florida's population increased 33 percent during the 1980's and that by 1990 Florida had become the country's fourth-largest state. High levels of legal and illegal immigration, along with domestic migration, pose a serious challenge to maintaining the state's quality of life, which is today characterized by urban sprawl, air and water pollution, threats to wildlife, and strained educational and social services. According to the 1990 census, 76 percent of Floridians were "Anglos," 13 percent black, and 12 percent Hispanic. If current fertility, mortality, and migration patterns continue, the Anglo proportion will fall to 64 percent by 2020 and 57 percent by 2050. The proportion of blacks will increase to 16 percent in 2020 and 19 percent in 2050, while the proportion of Hispanics will likewise rise to 16 and 19 percent over those same periods. Should these projections become reality, the ethnic and age compositions of Florida's future population will increase the likelihood for conflict among ethnic groups and generations.

Bouvier has also joined with Dudley Poston, chairman of the sociology department at Texas A&M, to produce *Thirty Million Texans?* Here they examine the demographic future of the Lone Star State and consider its meaning and implications for the state's social institutions and infrastructure. As in California and New York, should current trends continue here, by 2005 non-Hispanic whites will no longer be the majority and by 2020 Latinos will surpass Anglos to become the state's largest ethnic group. Texas already confronts an educational challenge of crisis proportions: the fastest-growing ethnic groups, blacks and Hispanics, have dismal educational attainments, nearly 34 percent of African-Americans and 55.5 percent of Latinos having less than a high school education. A remarkable

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38 percent of Latinos have less than a ninth grade education. Should Texas continue to receive a large number of Hispanics, whether legal or illegal aliens, how will the state cope with a growing population characterized by limited education and poor proficiency in English? Employers already report that 70 to 80 percent of applicants for entry-level clerical and technical positions lack basic English and math skills. The demographic shifts of the 1970's and 1980's have affected virtually every segment of Texan society. But as the authors emphasize, "Texans can do something about these demographic changes if they really want to."

In one of the more quixotic gestures of a dismal presidency, George Bush signed into law the 1990 Immigration Act, which increased legal immigration by 40 percent. Whisked through Congress with little discussion, legislators let the public understand that the United States faces a looming labor shortage, thus justifying the act, while Ben Wattenberg went so far as to claim that the chronic federal budget deficit could be eliminated if more immigrants were admitted.

Immigration 2000: The Century of the New American Sweatshop contains 25 studies and articles by some of our leading economists and immigration scholars. These provide an iron-clad refutation of the myths about the economic benefits of the immigration policies promoted by Simon, Wattenberg *et al.* The thrust of their work is that current policies are contributing to a decline in American economic competitiveness, while undermining the job opportunities, wages, and working conditions of American workers.

How immigration policy relates to other political, economic, social, and cultural issues facing this country is the topic of former Minnesota Senator Eugene McCarthy's book, *A Colony of the World: The United States Today*. McCarthy points out in his introduction that, historically, colonialism is characterized by political, military, economic, demographic, and cultural control of the colonial territory by outside directing powers. It is his thesis that the United States has, for all practical purposes, descended to the status of a colony, one dominated not by any single foreign country but rather by a combination of outside forces (some political, some economic, some ideological), which are aided and abetted by special interests within. "A mark of a country's colonial dependence," he notes, "is lack of control over its own borders . . . [and] lack of control over who or what crosses those borders." After reviewing the 1965 Immigration Act, which opened our country to large-scale immigration from the Third World, McCarthy bluntly states, "If one thinks of the classic definition of colonialism—the arrival of large numbers of people who impose their cultural values and language on the preexisting society—it is hard not to define the current wave of immigration as a colonizing force on the United States. *What distinguishes the United States from other colonized societies is that we have the power to prevent it, and choose not to use it.* . . .We have come to question whether the culture that built a society that has the world beating a path to our doors is even worth trying to preserve" [emphasis added].

Even people who are familiar with the information contained in the books reviewed here, and who privately agree that "something must be done," are loath to "come out of the closet," to borrow a phrase used by another "community." Garrett Hardin has dismissed these worthies as "a passel of poltroons who quail at the word 'minority.'" But if we fail to act at this turning point in our demographic history, the probable outcome of the process of social, cultural, and political disintegration to which our immigration policies are a major contributor will be what Andrew Hacker suggested in *The End of the American Era*, published in 1971: "The United States is about to join other nations of the world which were once prepossessing and are now little more than plots of bounded terrain. Like them, the United States will continue to be inhabited by human life; however, Americans will no longer possess that spirit which transforms a people into a citizenry and turns territory into a nation." ◁c

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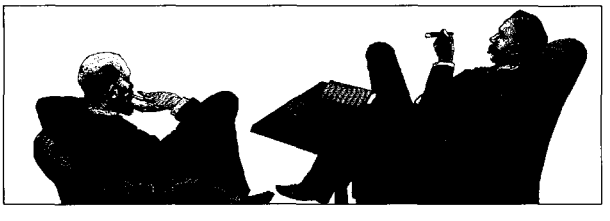

POLITICAL ETHICS, ETHICAL POLITICS

"The ancients who wished clearly to manifest illustrious virtue throughout the world would first govern their own states well. Wishing to govern their states well, they would first regulate their families. Wishing to regulate their families, they would first cultivate their own persons. Wishing to cultivate their own persons, they would first rectify their hearts. Wishing to rectify their hearts, they would first seek sincerity in their thoughts. Wishing for sincerity in their thoughts, they would first extend their knowledge. The extension of knowledge lay in the investigation of things.

"Only when many things are investigated is knowledge extended; only when knowledge is extended are thoughts sincere; only when thoughts are sincere are hearts rectified; only when hearts are rectified are our persons cultivated; only when our persons are cultivated are our families regulated; only when our families are regulated are states well governed; only when states are well governed can the world be at peace."

—*from the Confucian classic* Ta hsüeh.

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Going Down Slow

by John Tanton

Population Politics: The Choices That Shape Our Future
by Virginia Abernethy
New York: Plenum Publishing Corporation; 300 pp., $26.50

◆

Until recently, thinking and writing in dubious terms about immigration has been, well, something that polite and right-thinking folks just didn't *do*. But now that taboo seems to be lifting, as evidenced by the recent publication of such books as George Kennan's *Around the Cragged Hill* and Paul Kennedy's *Preparing for the Twenty-First Century*: both of these volumes feature forthright, unsentimental, and critical analyses of international migration phenomena. Among those calling for a reappraisal of our immigration policies is Virginia Abernethy, professor of psychiatry (anthropology) at Vanderbilt Medical School and editor of *Population and Environment*. In her fact-filled new book, *Population Politics*, she covers a wide range of topics relating to why so many of our planet's people wish to emigrate to this country.

Abernethy's interest in American immigration policy comes out of an overarching concern about growth in general and population growth in particular. She clearly is not of the Julian Simon-Cornucopian school, and she believes that we are approaching limits in many quarters. With the global population rising at a rate of 10,000 people an hour, 250,000 a day, 95 million a year, where, she wants to know, will the necessary natural resources be found and the resulting wastes go?

In the book's opening section, Professor Abernethy deals with matters pertaining to demographics and the exhaustion of planetary riches. In the second section she focuses on one of her main targets, the hallowed theory of the demographic transition. In summary, this counterintuitive notion holds that in the developed world, birthrates dropped from historic highs because conditions improved; therefore, the way to lower birthrates in today's less-developed countries is by improving economic conditions through various "development" schemes. Abernethy explains why the experience of the West is unique in the demographic history of mankind. She gives many examples of just the opposite effect occurring, where in hard times people had fewer children but then produced more when conditions improved. (Conditions do not actually have to *be* better: a sense of improvement accompanying some modernizing or developmental work, or the renewed propaganda of the "unlimited resources" school, is often sufficient to touch off a fertility boom.)

In a singular contribution to the debate over the ethics of immigration policies, the author contends that even the *prospect* of emigration is pronatalist in its effect, focusing as it does attention away from local limits, the perception of which is antinatalist; she adds that emigration as an option forestalls attempts to deal with local problems and encourages would-be émigrés to run away from them. How will pressing difficulties ever be resolved if those who can envision a better life somewhere else simply pack up and leave? As Professor Abernethy remarks, "Perceived opportunities to emigrate may be just as corrosive as large-scale aid. Immigration appeals to many of the most energetic people of a society—exactly those people who would be most likely to promote constructive reform at home."

Skeptics of foreign aid will find much useful material in the third part of *Population Politics*, which details the failings of many international development schemes. Abernethy takes the position that foreign aid should at least not *harm* the countries it is intended to help—as did the drilling of water wells for cattle in the Sahel, which began the process of desertification. Abernethy's review of counterproductive foreign aid projects brings to mind William and Elizabeth Paddock's *We Don't Know How* (1973), which recounts the failure of many foreign aid efforts in Latin America. Abernethy does suggest small-scale development projects of a type that does not overwhelm traditional controls on fertility or encourage unrealistic expectations. She makes a solid case that fertility control depends mostly on motivation rather than on mechanics, and that motivation is tied to a strong sense of limits. A review of traditional methods of control, ranging from polygyny and subincision to delayed or foregone marriage, is one of the most valuable features of her volume.

In the book's fourth and final section, Abernethy considers the demographic history of Europe and the United States, pointing out that low fertility characterized the Depression and that the baby boom was ignited by the remarkable post-World War II recovery—exactly the opposite of what demographic transition theory would predict. From there she launches into a no-holds-barred attack on current American immigration policy, stressing that slightly more than half of the 50 million-increase in our population from 1970 to 1990 (without which we would now be well on our way to stabilizing our numbers) is attributable to immigrants and their offspring. She addresses virtually every relevant economic, environmental, social, and cultural argument for and against a continuation of that policy.

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Readers of this book may be especially interested in Professor Abernethy's explanation of *sustainability* and *carrying capacity*, both based on the questions: What is an acceptable standard of living, and how many people can we support at that level without running down the resource base? Here Abernethy marshals an impressive array of evidence to support her contention that, should the United States fail to create a sustainable socioeconomic environment, the future is bleak, not only for this country but for those that are dependent upon our food surpluses: "by the year 2000, 64 out of 117 third-world countries will have become dependent on donated food, and a majority of these 64 will be unable to support as many as one-half of [their] projected numbers. . . . The United States will have ceased by then [sometime in the 2007-2025 period] to be a net exporter of food."

Abernethy uses recent U.S. Census Bureau population projections, which have since been sharply revised—upward, of course. (In 1989, the Census had projected a United States population in 2050 of 303 million—it's currently about 255 million; three years later they upped this to 383 million! This inflation is due chiefly to the increased immigration mandated by Congress in 1990, plus the high average fertility of immigrants.) She offers a particularly devastating comparison of immigration control efforts in other countries with the lack of such by the United States. One wonders if we haven't permitted the Constitution to be transformed into a suicide pact.

The penultimate chapter, "Let Freedom Ring," will interest those concerned with preserving personal liberty in America. As Abernethy observes, jamming more people into the same space is generally not conducive to maintaining personal freedom: "Many choices vanish when we live close to other people. Your right to swing your fist ends where my nose begins." Congressional constituencies in 1790 amounted to 30,000 people; today they include 20 times that number. At a population of 435 million, which we could easily reach in the next century, the ratio would be 1 million constituents to one representative. What will be an individual's chance of being heard amid such a mob? Or do we prefer Senator Eugene McCarthy's proposal to double the size of Congress as a means of lowering that ratio?

Unfortunately, Professor Abernethy provides no information on the political structure of the immigration issue in Congress or the Executive Branch, nor any suggestions for what the now galvanized reader might actually *do*: there is no list of organizations one might join, no numbers of hot lines to call, no suggestions on what or when to write one's congressman.

Still, the only major bone I'd pick with Abernethy is her characterization of the immigration policy she opposes as a liberal one. I believe that what she means by *liberal* is large-scale, lax, open-ended, open-door, or even promiscuous—but surely not liberal in the classic political sense of the term. By this application of the word, she invites confusion. We want our friends who see themselves as political liberals to join us in the quest for immigration reform without having to commit the apostasy of rejecting a *liberal* immigration policy. Let us eliminate that hurdle, then, by stigmatizing the opposition's policy as something—anything—other than that.

John Tanton is founder of both the Federation for American Immigration Reform (FAIR) and U.S. English(USE).

Their Third World Problem—And Ours

by Amanda Hill and James Hill

Los Angeles: Capital of the Third World
by David Rieff
New York: Touchstone;
288 pp., $12.00

◆

Procrastinating readers can pat themselves on the back if they waited to pick up David Rieff's *Los Angeles: Capital of the Third World* until it came out in paperback. For one thing, the Los Angeles riots, which so captivated television-transfixed Americans for a couple of days last year until the weekend arrived and the networks had to get back to what they consider to be more important matters, such as the NBA playoffs, rather put to rest any assumptions one might have had about Los Angeles as the great melting pot of the late 20th century. Boiling pot would be a more apt description—a boiling pot of hooligan elements out to have a murderous good time because the "system" as exemplified by trial by jury worked just as it is supposed to work. (Fortunately, David Rieff hurried in an afterward—quite good, in fact—including his own thoughts on the subject.) For another, the storms that pounded the West Coast early this year have probably ended the great seven-year California drought—a pity, in some respects, for Rieff was at his best when imagining ever-booming Southern California trying to boom on with no water.

This said, is there any reason to read in 1993 a writer's 1990 observations about one of the country's great, yet also greatly misunderstood, cities? Maybe. But one of the problems with such a study is that, as already mentioned, events have a way of overrunning assumptions. David Rieff's Los Angeles, increasingly looking outside America's borders for the people needed to continue fueling a century's worth of growth and riches, is nearing the point where it resembles not Paradise by the Pacific but the apocalyptic vision of a city-turned-nightmare depicted in the 1982 movie *Blade Runner*. One could reasonably ask whether Los Angeles had not long ago reached its breaking point and whether what Mr. Rieff was observing (or perhaps discovering) was not a city beginning its process of irreversible decay, but one already well advanced on the downhill slide.

Certainly, the Los Angeles we (my daughter and I) moved to in 1979 was no urban utopia, and had not been so for some time. Proposition 13, the tax revolt that destroyed the ability of California's cities, counties, and special taxing districts to provide services as they had always been delivered, was already drying up government coffers. Property, freed from the tax man's persistent reach, continued to climb in value (though the boom had gotten under way long before Proposition 13), making middle-class housing about the most expensive in the nation. Many whites in the San Fernando Valley had already abandoned the L.A. city schools, not because the schools were filled with immigrant children but because blacks were being bused across the Santa Monica Mountains in a social-engineering

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project that really was unnecessary (L.A.'s busing program was undertaken as part of a state suit, not through the federal courts) and that California voters quickly outlawed (the proposition prohibiting state-ordered busing was eventually upheld by the California Supreme Court). Traffic, perhaps the common denominator for all Southern Californians, was already intolerable.

During the 1980's, middle-class Southern Californians did what they have been doing since shortly after World War II—they moved. But whereas the migration out of central L.A. originally went northwest into the San Fernando Valley (most of it annexed early on by the city of Los Angeles), east into the San Gabriel Valley, or southeast into nearby Orange County, by the 1980's areas available to middle-class people seeking "affordable housing" were located in the desert 50 miles north of L.A., or in Ventura, Riverside, and San Bernardino counties. In reality, the middle-class spread away from Los Angeles was typical of demographic patterns in cities all over America. The only things really remarkable about this out-migration were the numbers of people and the distances involved, and the price those moving were willing to pay to find a little piece of paradise.

But Los Angeles, unlike so many other American cities, also continued to grow, thanks in part to the unprecedented breach of our southern border and to an influx of other nationalities—principally from Asian countries but also from the Middle East and even the then-Soviet Union—taking advantage of relaxed immigration laws. This, too, is not all that remarkable, considering that immigrants are pouring into cities all over the United States and Canada (so many Hong Kong Chinese have found refuge in Vancouver that it is now often referred to as Hongcouver). The fact remains, however, that the sheer number of people filling up areas of traditional Los Angeles such as mid-Wilshire and East Hollywood is enough to convince anyone that L.A. has been overrun by foreigners.

From his vantage point on the city's tony West Side, Mr. Rieff was apparently awed by this process. The West Side is one of those places where Zoë Baird would live if she got a job on the coast: given enough money, one can live comfortably and largely out of touch with the surrounding riff-raff, even though there seems to be a constant fear that a brown, yellow, or black "invasion" is imminent.

For the great bulk of Southern Californians, the West Side might as well be Fantasyland. Yet—and again, this is the case in any number of cities—the West Side with its lawyers, doctors, politicians, actors, studio execs, and so forth carries a clout disproportionate to its actual numbers. It is, in other words, the place to be in Los Angeles. It is not, however, the most appropriate place to write the book filled with sweeping generalities about a city in transition that Mr. Rieff has attempted. For non-Angelenos, Mr. Rieff's thesis may seem provocative and forward-thinking. For those who live in Southern California, or for those like us who have lived there and still consider it "home," it is just one more attempt to explain the unexplainable—the land of remarkable weather and even more remarkable opportunity that attracts even when the downside is so obvious, the cost so prohibitive, the odds so stacked against success.

Los Angeles may now be full of Third World people, but it most assuredly is not a Third World city like Lagos or Calcutta. If immigration is the problem, then it is America's problem—not just L.A.'s. To attempt to make it otherwise sells short those who continue to see Southern California in an entirely different light—as still the epitome of the American dream.

Amanda Hill is a student who plans to return to Southern California this fall to continue her education. James Hill is the editor of the editorial pages of the Phoenix Gazette.

GREAT TOPICS, GREAT ISSUES

The Days of Empire—Come and Gone?—February 1993—F.W. Brownlow on American imperialism, Tomislav Sunic on Europe's New Right, Mihajlo Mihajlov on the future of Radio Liberty and Radio Free Europe, and Richard Vedder and Lowell Gallaway on the importance of the invisible hand in the post-Cold War era. Plus Thomas Fleming on what America can learn from Italy, Hamilton Beck on the "Kohlonization" of the former East Germany, John Lukacs on another *fin-de-siècle* in the Baltics, and Andrei Navrozov on the contagion of totalitarianism.

Defining Culture—April 1993—Speeches on the tenth presentation of the Ingersoll Prizes: Edson I. Gaylord's "Observations After Ten Years," Muriel Spark on "Living With Culture," and Walter Burkert on the "Classics—Past Ideology and Persistent Reality." Plus Jeffrey A. Tucker on Jack Kemp's mistaken identity, John B. Thompson on Janet Reno and her nomination to Attorney General, and an excerpt from Chilton Williamson's latest novel.

Art in the 90's: Visions and Values—March 1993—Alexandra York on Romantic Realism, Mary Elizabeth Podles and Leon J. Podles on politically incorrect cartoons, and Thomas Fleming on museums as warehouses of art. Plus Alan R. Turin on the unreported story of Hurricane Andrew, Robert Knight's encounter with Queer Nation, and Llewellyn H. Rockwell's review of Richard John Neuhaus's *Doing Well and Doing Good: The Challenge to the Christian Capitalist.*

Who Owns America?—May 1993—Charles Lewis on the impact of foreign lobbyists in Washington, Pat Choate on Japan's influence on American trade, Arthur E. Rowse on the buying of American foreign policy, and Alfred E. Eckes on influence-peddling as an age-old art. Plus Bill Kauffman on who really owned Hollywood in the 1930's and Russ Braley on the revolving door between government and journalism.

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Letter From Serbia

by Momcilo Selic

Notes From the Front, Part I

◆

In the twilight, the machine gunner holds aloft the dissembled barrel of his weapon, his hands oily and stained, and grins at me. White-toothed, red-haired, he wears his beret like a bonnet. Cocky, not too large, he laughs, then swears a heavy, loaded Serbian curse, unsparing of the Croats.

The machine gunner is a Kraina Serb: he and I are both part of a military company whose task is to defend the Serbs, and, if need be, to hurt the Croats. Both of us are preparing for a night assault on a Croat-occupied Serb village, cleaning our weapons and listening to the sergeant. The sergeant is a six-footer, dark and lanky, with the high cheekbones of an ancient Avar. He also is a Kraina native, a volunteer who has come from Serbia to defend his father's hamlet.

In a raspy voice, the sergeant tells us of the Croat deserters he has seen sunk in concrete up to their thighs, during the 1991 war, above Dubrovnik. "They left the poor bastards," the sergeant says, "so they could perform their bodily functions, and they fed them, until we started shelling their positions. The first to die were the built-in men, screaming for the rest of them to think about God." "The hill," says the sergeant, "is mined, by them as well as us. Remember: short bursts, grenades, watch out for the trip-wires!"

The machine gunner—a living, breathing Rob Roy, of these mellower Highlands—does not hate the Croats. His family has not been touched by the two-year-old Serbo-Croat war, and all his relatives are present and accounted for. But he has lost friends to the Croats: some to bullets, and some to the knife, fire, and the club. The 20-odd Serb victims of the Mali Alan ambush of January this year, for instance, were all dismembered by the Croat soldiers, some while they were still alive.

The cockade the machine gunner wears on his camouflage beret is the silver, double-headed Serbian eagle, a legacy of Byzantine times. The Croats' memories are as long as the Serbs'—to them, the Latin pillage of Constantinople was not so great an evil as the persistence of Byzantines and Serbs who remained orthodox. Though originally welcomed to Jesus by Greek emissaries, Croats have become Roman Catholics, while the machine gunner, the sergeant, and I still cling to the religion of our ancestors.

In Kraina, the conflict between the two Slavic peoples has entered a new stage: in Serbian, "Kraina" means "frontier," much like the American frontier of the West, or the "Ukraine" of the Rus—a region of border wars, skirmishes, over-the-line feuds and grudges, bloody all. The Croats, despite a United Nations ban on the importation of arms, have acquired German Leopard tanks and some former East German heavy weaponry; they wear American, NATO, or German uniforms and equipment, eat NATO rations, and use Western standard military small arms. Gone are the days of the Croat armed rebellion against the respected Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia: today, it is Croatia that is a recognized state, a member of the U.N., while what is left of Yugoslavia, the Republic of Serb Kraina, and the Serb Republic of Bosnia are international pariahs, shunned by the "international community." How has all this come about?

To my red-haired, red-bearded, blue-eyed companion with his brand new Yugoslav Army PKT machine gun, it makes no difference whether foreigners recognize Serbia, the Kraina, or Serb Bosnia. He is a simple peasant soldier, like his forefathers. Holding his weapon, in the dusk before a battle, he feels himself fulfilled. Once the military frontier of Venice against the Ottoman Turks, Kraina has for centuries been the home of a Serb yeomanry whose status is not unlike that of the Russian Cossacks. Farmer-soldiers, the machine gunner's ancestors defended the West, Christendom, and the Serbs—in their mind, always inseparable—from the East, Islam, Asia, and the myriad of evils and ills as old as the first wars between the Europeans and the Turkic steppe-raiders or the desert marauders of the Near and Middle East. Kraina Serbs—a mixture of Slavs and the native Balkan Celts and Illyrians—lived in a changeless and satisfying land, tending to tasks as immutable as their vine-covered landscape. Along crystal-clear but turbulent rivers, all emptying into the Adriatic Sea, they—Serbian Orthodox in religion—rejoiced in being what God created them: a free people on free territory, recognized as such first by Venice, then by the Kingdom of Hungary and the Empire of Austria.

That night, we did not attack our objective. Someone—a politician, or a military bigshot thinking like a politician—had decided that it was prudent not to provoke an additional outcry against Serb "aggression." The Croats, in our village, could spend that night in peace—thanks to the Kingdom of Yugoslavia, and the Communist Republic of Yugoslavia.

In 1918, the victorious Serbian Army, on the winning side of World War I, entered the Austro-Hungarian province of Croatia to preserve civil peace. Western allies and the spearhead that had broken through the Salonika front defeated the Bulgarians, bringing about the capitulation of Austria-Hungary and ultimately the fall of Germany. The Serbs of Serbia were called in by the desperate Croatian Parliament to prevent a communist revolution-in-progress. The Croatian invitation was somewhat reluctant: last among all the Austrian Slavic subjects to declare independence (following the Austrian military debacle), the Croats were faced by an angry Entente, determined to treat them as a defeated nation.

Formed ad hoc on October 29, 1918, the Kingdom of Croats, Serbs, and Slovenes had to ward off Italian claims to the whole of the Dalmatian coast, as agreed on in the Treaty of London of 1915, by which Italy had been brought into the fighting on the Entente side. Furthermore, Croatia, like all the defeated Central Powers, had dissolved into a chaos of rioting deserters, warring nationalities, and mutinous regiments returning from Serbia and the Italian Front. The new "state" tried frantically

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to drum up international support for its vision of a South Slav, rump Austria-Hungary, but Western victors would not hear of it—until two years ago, when Germany set out, once again, on the road to a world war.

In 1918, however, Croatia was ordered by the "international community" of the day to join up with Serbia as well as with Slovenia (another former Austro-Hungarian province) to form a "Yugoslavia." What the machine gunner's, or the sergeant's, great-grandfather thought of this, I do not know. My own grandfather voted for a union of the Kingdom of Montenegro and the Kingdom of Serbia into a single Serb state. As a deputy to the Great Montenegrin National Assembly of November 1918, my grandfather, Blagota Selic, had little use for a "Yugoslavia." Instead, he worked toward a more viable and historic "Greater" Serbia, made up of all the disparate Serb lands in the Balkans, liberated—after hundreds of years of bitter fighting—by the Serbian Army. Moreover, the 1915 Treaty of London had promised the Serbs as much as it had promised the Italians: a line was drawn from the Hungarian border downward to the Adriatic Sea and all the lands south of it given to the Serbs as their ethnic heritage. This projected "Greater" Serbia included the whole of Bosnia, which according to the official Austro-Hungarian statistics had a 44 percent Serb majority, as opposed to some 32 percent Moslems and about 24 percent Bosnian Roman Catholics (called "Croats" by the nationalists in Zagreb). For the medieval Kingdom of Bosnia had been a Serb kingdom, and most of its Muslims' ancestors had been Orthodox Serbs before being—often forcibly—converted to Islam by the conquering Ottomans.

As my Montenegrin Serb grandfather saw it (in agreement with my Serbian maternal grandfather, who had fought as a guerrilla against both the Bulgarians and the Austro-Hungarians) Serbs had been, by international trickery—through the wiles of diplomacy, finance, and unholy influence-peddling—deprived of their hard-won patrimony. Every second Serbian adult male had died in the Great War for the Serbs to end up as parts of a state that, among its first measures, reinstated former Austro-Hungarian officers into the Yugoslav Army, with an automatic advancement in rank!

That night, of our aborted assault upon the village of Dragisic (the village was later taken by another Serb attack), we thought different things, but I've yet to find a Kraina Serb, or a Bosnian Serb, or a Herzegovinian Serb, willing to repeat this experience with the "German" or "Turkish" Slavs. The sergeant himself had barely survived the 1991 war, when his unit was deserted by its commanding officer, a "Yugoslav" who turned out to be wholly Croat, whereas my own father had seen *his* army units, in 1941, turned over to the Nazis by the Croat and Muslim officers of his day.

Through the creation of Yugoslavia, Kraina—ethnically Croatian from the 7th to the 16th century, but entirely Serb after the 16th-century Croat exodus under the Turkish onslaught—was given to Croatia, despite the record of the past four centuries and the fact that it was the *invited* Serbs who had defended it. In 1939, under Croat pressure, the government of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia incorporated Kraina into the Province of Croatia, which was given the borders of an imaginary Croatia that had never existed, in an effort to thwart exactly what came about two years later, in World War II. (It must be remembered that Croatia lost its independence in the 12th century, to the Hungarians, and never regained it, until today.) In 1941 the whole Croat nation, led by all its political factions except the communists, lined itself solidly with the Axis and fought, with commendable tenacity, together with Mussolini and Hitler against the Free World.

This may help to explain the present German, Austrian, and Italian support for Croatia, so mistakenly glorified by the Western media as a bastion of democracy and liberty in the Balkans. As in 1941-1945, today over 300,000 Croatian Serbs are refugees in Serbia, after being declared a non-nation by the 1991 Croatian constitution and after seeing hundreds of their fellow Serbs slaughtered by the sons and the grandsons of the fascist Croatian Ustashi in the first ethnic cleansing of the last 50 years, a fact rarely noticed by the Western press.

It was the Croat police's military attack upon the Serb village of Borovo Selo, near Vukovar, that in May 1991 started the Serbo-Croatian War. What the Serbs had declined to do, in the case of the 1991 Slovene armed uprising against the Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia, the Croats did without compunction, shooting at their former friends and neighbors.

In 1941, Croats and Bosnian Muslims, together with Kosovo Albanians, gave the Nazis more volunteer troops than the whole of the Soviet Union, and more than any other region on earth. The Croat Army Legion (*Verstaerken Kroatische Infanterie Regiment* 369), the Croat Air Force Legion, the Croat Naval Legion, the 13th *Maffen-Gabirgs-Division der SS Handschar (kroatische Nr. 1)*, the 33rd *Maffen-Gabirgs-Division der SS Kama (kroatische Nr. 2)*, the 368th German-Croatian Volunteer Division, the 373rd German-Croatian Volunteer Division, the 392nd German-Croatian Volunteer Division, the German-Croatian Gendarmerie (SS), the Italian-Croat Legion, the Italian-Croat Voluntary Anti-Communist Militia, the 21st *Maffen-Gabirgs-Division der SS Skanderbeg (albanische Nr. 1)*, the 1st and 3rd Italian-Albanian Rifle Regiments (*Cacciatori di Albania*), and many other, lesser units, all fought against the Allies, in the Soviet Union, France, and Yugoslavia. All of these troops also fought against the Serbs—Royalist Chetniks, Tito's Partisans, and, especially, the civilian population—as their primary target.

During the 1941-1945 war in Yugoslavia, the Serbs lost a million people—mostly noncombatants—to the combined actions of their enemies, who are today recognized as democratic, pro-Western states by the "international community." The ethnic cleansing of Serbs in World War II *has never been recognized* by the U.N., whose files are clear of the Jasenovac death camp, near Zagreb, where some 30,000 Jews, 50,000 Gypsies, and over 600,000 Serbs were murdered. For this, we can thank the former Yugoslav communist government and its wish to promote "Brotherhood and Unity" within Yugoslavia, as well as the stalwart efforts of those same forces within the U.N. organization that elected the former Nazi Kurt Waldheim as secretary-general. Nor should one discount the effects of decades of Croat émigré propaganda. Even a cursory glance at any Croat émigré newspaper of, say, 20 years ago will show a collective Serb portrait that coincides with what passes for truth today, *after* all the alleged Serb misdeeds in the current war. What is strangely puzzling is that *all* the imputed Serb atrocities of the present—and much

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more—were committed by the Croats, the Muslims, and the Albanians 50 and 80 years ago, in World Wars I and II. The 1914 mass hangings of Serb women in Austro-Hungarian-occupied Serb Macva can hardly be explained away as a Serb invention, since photographs, taken by the Croat, German, and Magyar executioners themselves, still exist, and a War Crimes tribunal that wants to set the record straight can examine this evidence before proceeding to the next set of anti-Serb massacres, those occurring in World War II.

"On the night of September 3/4, 1942, 700 arrested hostages were shot in Hrvatska Mitrovica. It was noted that, after exiting them from the jailhouse, the Serb hostages were made to pass through an Ustashi gauntlet in order to reach a waiting bus. As they were passing, the Ustashi administered blows to them with wooden clubs. At the site of the execution, besides shooting, there also occurred throat-slitting and other sadistic excesses. Among those was the cutting off of female breasts . . . ." This is from the official report of the German Legation at Zagreb to the Ministry of the Foreign Affairs of the Reich, on September 11, 1942.

"On the occasion of his promotion to the rank of an Ustasha captain," goes another such report of November 21, 1942, "the senior police commissioner, Tomic, arranged a dissolute party. After dinner, heavy drinking ensued. When all present were totally intoxicated, Tomic commenced to shoot with his pistol. The valuable oil paintings and crystal served him as targets. Around midnight, several Ustashe were ordered to bring in a few Serbs who had been kept in jail. These Serbs were knifed to death, and the Ustashe sucked blood from their wounds."

A memorandum by a German officer who was sent to prevent Croat massacres of the Serb population of Eastern Bosnia (the site of present day "humanitarian aid" to the Muslims) during August 1941 states: "While we were traveling in the direction of the Javer Mill, near Srebrenica and Ozren, we found all Serb villages along the way completely abandoned. However, in the houses we often discovered entire families butchered. We even found barrels full of blood. In villages between Vlasenica and Kladanj, we found impaled children, their tiny members contorted in pain, as if they were insects, pinned down with needles." Perhaps such German reports of their Croat allies' behavior explain why today's Bosnia has an inverted proportion of Serbs to Muslims, when compared to Austro-Hungarian, and even Ottoman, times.

During my 1993 stay in Kraina—as a volunteer—and in 1992 in Bosnia, as a war reporter, I have heard of Serbs killing Moslems, but not Croats. It should be remembered, however, that even in this war, it was the Muslims who first shot at a Serb wedding party in Sarajevo, in the summer of 1992, murdering the father of the groom. This triggered the Bosnian carnage. It was Saban Muratovic, at Visegrad in Bosnia, who over the Yugoslav airwaves threatened to blow up the Visegrad dam and obliterate everything and everybody down the Drina and the Sava river valleys. It was Alija Izetbegovic, the Muslim President of Bosnia and Herzegovina, who over those same airwaves publicly admonished the frantic Muratovic not to proceed with his plan. This was all before any Serb retaliatory actions, at the very outset of the 1992 Bosnian explosion. Personally, in Belgrade, I have talked to a father whose son—a Serb volunteer on the Croatian front—was butchered like a hog at the beginning of the Serbo-Croatian war, in 1991, and then portrayed first on Croatian TV and later on German TV as a *Croat* victim of the satanic Serbs!

It was Alija Izetbegovic who in the 1970's, in his *Islamic Declaration*, called on Muslims to take over power in Bosnia once their number surpassesd 51 percent of the population. According to Izetbegovic's book, it is also the Bosnian Muslims' obligation to institute the rule of Shari'ah, or Islamic Law, in Bosnia and to turn it, perhaps, into something like the United Arab Emirates, where it is a capital crime to convert a Muslim. Nobody in the West paid any attention to Izetbegovic then, except for Amnesty International, which defended him as a prisoner of conscience.

Croatia, on the other hand, is governed by one of Tito's communist generals, Franjo Tudjman, who publicly said in 1991 that he was glad he was "neither Serb, nor Jewish." In his book *Historic Dead Ends*, published much after Izetbegovic's, Tudjman belittled the number of Serbs killed in World War II, claiming only 30,000 Serbs died in the Jasenovac camp, "mostly anti-fascist Croats" at that. To the chagrin of many Jewish groups and lobbies, Tudjman also denies the existence of Nazi extermination camps and has allowed World War II war criminals to return to Croatia, where many of them have been publicly honored for their "contributions to the Motherland."

War in former Yugoslavia *cannot* be regarded piecemeal: what happens in Kraina is an outcome of what goes on in Bosnia, and both depend on what has happened, and is still happening, in Croatia. Nothing in former Yugoslavia can be understood without a knowledge of the past, which for most former Yugoslavs is still the living present.

Had there been no Ottoman invasion of the Balkans, in all probability Balkan history would have been as uneventful as Dutch or Danish history. But the 1389 Kosovo defeat pushed the Serbs northward into what was Hungary and Croatia, while the 1526 Hungarian defeat at Mohács emptied Croatia of most of its Croat population, which escaped (sometimes) as far north as Austria. In the 17th century, the Albanians came, as Turkish troops, into the Serbian heartland of Kosovo. A parallel is often drawn between the Kosovo and Kraina cases, but there is a crucial difference: Serbs came into a largely vacated Kraina, invited there by its Hungarian, then Venetian, masters, to defend the region from the conquering Ottomans, while the Albanians descended upon Kosovo *as part of an Asiatic occupying force* and displaced—often brutally—a numerous and established Serbian population.

But history happened, and Serbs, Croats, and Albanians became inextricably mixed. The best solution would have been a Yugoslavia, provided there was a consensus on its institution among the constituent nations. Unfortunately, there never was a consensus: Serbs wanted a Yugoslavia, as did the Slovenes and the Croats initially (so long as they could dominate it), whereas the Muslims and the Albanians had no use for a plan that abrogated their overlord status, derived from their privileged position as Muslims within the Turkish Empire.

During the course of a February 1993 night, as I stood watch over our position above the Croatian coastal town of Skradin (a town with many Serb monuments as well, including a 14th-century church) and wondered when the real shooting would start, history, ignored by the foreign meddlers in the Yugoslav

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mess, marked the sky: red tracers from 20-m.m. guns streaked between our position and the Croats', sometimes crisscrossing each other like a giant game of tic-tac-toe.

In 1992, in Serb Cajnice, close to the besieged Muslim town of Gorazde, I lived on military Spam and rationed bread; that was the time when all the world was talking of Serb "concentration camps" where Muslims, as the claim went, were "intentionally starved." On the Bosnian-Serb-Romanian Mountain, that same summer, food was even scarcer than in Cajnice: homemade cheese and army bread were all we ate there (not bad fare, but monotonous); there was no U.N. "humanitarian aid" for the women and children of the high plateau above the Zepa region, where convoy after convoy of white U.N. trucks traveled. After the trucks, the Muslims of Zepa usually attacked our positions, sneaking by our patrols and guards at night and murdering the very same young and old Serbs, too weak for the rifle, who had smiled at us, confident that we would defend them.

Still, Muslim prisoners of war in the Serb camps were fed the same rations as our troops—Spam they often would not eat, nor anything derived of pork, but we had nothing else to offer them, or ourselves. Not far from us, in Sarajevo, in over a dozen unregistered camps, our imprisoned noncombatants went hungry, week after week, month after month; in the Muslim Croat Bradina camp, near Konjic in Herzegovina, Serb women and children were kept in a railway tunnel and, from time to time, either tortured, raped, or murdered, according to their captors' whim. Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina, which had a prewar population of over 30,000 Serbs, today has only 400 left: taken out night after night, one by one, they disappeared, into that same, Croat darkness.

At Elie Wiesel's insistence, the Serb camp at Manjaca was emptied at the end of 1992, but many of its Muslims came back to Bosnia several weeks later as armed soldiers of Islam, while the Croats and the Muslims still maintain their clandestine camps, where Elie Wiesel's envoy, journalist Daniel Schieffer, was never allowed to visit. A year before the hysteria about "raped Muslim women" hit the Western media, reports of hundreds of genuine, documented cases of punitive, cold-blooded rapes of Serb women and girls in Croatia were presented to the Yugoslav public, but none of the Serbian-speaking foreign journalists in Belgrade considered them worthy of mention. As for the Serbs' own propaganda effort, their attitude may best be summed up by the recent reluctance of Herzegovinian Serb peasants to have the media present at the exhumation of the thousands of Serb noncombatants murdered by the Croat Ustashi in World War II. Asked what they had against the airing of these events (the communist government had previously filled in many of the execution pits with concrete, to cement its concept of "Brotherhood and Unity"), the peasants replied that "Serbs do not exploit their dead."

Momcilo Selic is a writer and journalist living in Belgrade. He was imprisoned by the communist government in Yugoslavia for satirizing the cult of the leader. He was managing editor of Chronicles *from 1987 to 1989.*

Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

Passing the Bottle

◆

In the aftermath of a conference not long ago, a dozen of us spent a night in downtown Little Rock. (No, this wasn't the Economic Summit. It was a gathering of poets, novelists, and essayists to discuss Southern autobiography, and the talk was a *whole* lot better.) All in all, I'm a little more cheerful now about having an Arkansas politician running the Big Show. Despite some accretions of yuppiedom (too many brasseries and bistros to suit me) Little Rock is still a pleasantly funky Southern state capital.

We stayed at a hotel next door to the Old State House, familiar to television viewers as the scene of Clinton's victory celebration, and I dropped in to browse in the museum it now houses. In the museum's newsletter officials were busily pooh-poohing reports in the national press that the building is haunted by the ghost of a representative killed in an 1837 knife-fight. The knifing death is a matter of record, but a spokesman protested that "there is no evidence that we are any more prone to soulless, lifeless zombies than any other state agency." The alleged sighting of the back of a man dressed in a frock coat, he said, was probably just "a very homely woman in a pantsuit."

That evening we went for supper to Bill Clinton's favorite restaurant, Doe's Eat Place, and pigged out on steak, tamales, and fried shrimp, served family-style at long tables. The beer and wine flowed freely (reminding me of the etymology of the word "symposium") and the conversation flowed freely, too. When it was my turn, I told one of my favorite stories, told to *me* by a Southern historian at a gathering very much like this one.

It seems there were these two Southern historians who had been to a convention, and after an evening of well-lubricated conversation they dropped into a truckstop for some coffee before retiring. One of them, a little guy who spoke with a lisp (that I undertook to imitate), was talking rather loudly, and after a while his friend noticed that the place had fallen silent. Several large, unkempt loungers were listening to him and snickering to each other. They started to make rude remarks, less and less *sotto voce*, which the speaker didn't seem to notice, but his friend certainly did. "Let's pay up and get out of here before there's trouble," he muttered.

The little guy finally seemed to notice what was going on. To his friend's dismay, he pushed back his chair, stood up, and glared at the locals. "I know what you're thinking," he told them. ("Oh, Lord," his friend thought. "Here we go.")

"You think we're pretty sissified," he lisped. "*Well*. If *you're* so smart: When did Hank Williams die?" The silence was intense. "January first, nineteen fifty-three. Now shut your go--amn mouths." They did.

That story always goes down well with an academic crowd—it shows what a knowledge of history can do for you—and the Little Rock group was no exception. As the laughter died down, however, Our Host—a historian lately diverted into administration—said quietly: "Cityfied."

Say what?

"Cityfied." He said, "You think we're pretty *cityfied*, not sissyfied. I was there. That was me—the friend. The other

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guy was . . ." and he gave the name. "You got the rest of it right, though."

"Wait a minute," said the Distinguished Male Poet, "I know *him*." And the conversation was off in a different direction. Later, though, I shook Our Host's hand. It's not often one meets a living legend.

Wiping the grease from our chins, we left Doe's. "You got anything like this in Chapel Hill?" the Celebrated Illustrator asked me. I had to confess that these days we lack the necessary concentration of unselfconscious carnivores to sustain a place like Doe's. "We've got too many folks who are ready to lecture you on how many bushels of corn it takes to produce a pound of meat," I said.

"Yeah," he said. "I'm waiting for them to start on how many bushels it takes for a quart of corn liquor."

We took our symposium on to the bar of the old Capital Hotel, where we talked late into the night. At one point, the conversation turned to the subject of conversation—we had, you might say, a *meta*-conversation. The Expatriate Woman Writer kicked it off by saying how good it was to be back where people *tell stories*. (She teaches in the Midwest.) Someone quoted Roy Reed's characterization of conversation in New York as "hurled stones," compared to the Southern style, "moonshine passed slowly to all who care to lift the bottle." We all nodded sagely and self-satisfiedly, and each took a literal sip.

The Famous Humorist complained gently about his current lady friend, a Yankee, who keeps interrupting his stories, trying to be helpful. I quoted Eudora Welty's character, Miss Edna Earle Ponder, who feared that her dimwitted uncle would encounter some guest at her hotel who "would break in on a story with a set of questions, and wind it up with a list of what Uncle Daniel's faults were: some Yankee." Someone suggested that a nice multicultural gesture would be for Yankees to adopt the Native American "speaking stick," passed from hand to hand. We giggled to think how frustrating that would be for our opposite numbers, professors and writers, in New York.

Yes, the Black New England Poet said, she loved being with other people who answer questions with anecdotes. It was her first time, really, in the South, with Southerners, and she felt as if she had stumbled into a family reunion—of a family she didn't know she had. God bless her.

Later, back in Chapel Hill, I was reminded of her wonderful, generous, unexpected observation as I struggled to write a memorial of my friend Mel Bradford, dead too young at 58. The first time I met Mel was in a setting very much like the one I've been describing, a gathering of Southern scholars in someone's hotel room. As it happens, Mel later wrote about that evening, and I wound up quoting him. The conversation, he said, involved "the rehearsal of common bonds antecedent to our professional identities, visible as much in the manner of our speaking as in its content—in idiom, in humor, in certain hyperbolic gestures, verging on swagger, panache, and familiarity." He characterized "the round robin of the talk" as "intense and friendly, serious and droll, carried on as if all present feared that it would be some time before they would all be together again and were determined to hear and say it all." All in all, a non-Southern visitor told Mel, it was like (yes) "a family reunion."

Now, I went to graduate school in New York and I spent a year at Oxford (the one in England), and I can tell you that academic conversation in those parts is stimulating, witty, learned, vicious, all sorts of good things, but no one would ever confuse it with a family reunion. Fortunately, given my occupation, I don't mind cut-and-thrust, but I'll take the Southern mode for the long haul—even for eternity. "If heaven ain't a lot like Dixie," Hank Williams Jr. sings, "I don't want to go." Pass the bottle.

* * *

On another subject: A while back I heard from some people who objected to my observing that those with a Confederate heritage shouldn't be required to renounce it. Now, after writing that Georgians ought to think about removing the Confederate battle flag from their state flag, I've heard from a couple of dozen good folks who take exception to *that* conclusion. Consequently, I'm in a position to compare the two sorts of enthusiasts. (I could even lie and say the whole exercise was just an experiment to let me make that comparison, but I won't.)

My major observation is that the traditionalists have better manners than the reformers. They avoided ad hominem arguments and guilt-by-association, and (this is interesting) they wrote to me personally instead of to my editor. Their tone was usually more one of sorrow than of anger, although that may just have been recognition of the fact that I'd pretty obviously like to be able to agree with them. On the other hand, I can say this for the reformers who complained: at least they understood what I was saying. The traditionalists wasted a lot of shot on arguments I never made and don't accept.

Since they took the trouble to write, and since they were so nice about it, let me rephrase my argument in terms that they may find more agreeable. Try this: Have you ever considered that maybe modern Georgia doesn't *deserve* the Confederate flag?

There. My last word on the subject. I promise.

John Shelton Reed writes from Chapel Hill, North Carolina, when he's not hanging out at conferences and symposia.

Letter From England

by Christie Davies

Sport Without Hooligans

◆

Last year I had the agreeable and unusual experience of spending two hours in a packed sports stadium where there was no hooliganism, no violence, and no bad feeling. The good-humored crowd of thousands of men, women, and children, mainly local but with a fair sprinkling of foreigners assembled, enjoyed themselves and dispersed in a peaceful and orderly way. There were no concealed weapons, no blood on the terraces, no need to cage in unruly fans. Needless to say, I was not at a British soccer match, but at a Spanish bullfight. It was one more occasion for me to feel ashamed about the behavior of British crowds when provoked by England's national sport.

The British are a people of no less memorable honor than their Spanish cousins, so why is it that their behavior

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at play is so contemptibly worse? Why are the British such bad sports? The answer lies more in the nature of the games than of the people. Soccer, or football as it is called in England, is by its very nature divisive and apt to cause conflict. There are always two sides and sets of mutually hostile supporters whose feelings are bound to erupt in those menacing taunts and blows that are largely excluded from the card-and-whistle-tamed game below. The hooligans have rightly realized that the real conflict has to take place not on the pitch, but on the terraces.

Where football divides the bullfight unites. Apart from a few taurophile perverts, the whole of the crowd at a bullfight is united as one species in admiration of and fear for the matador. The matador represents the triumph of the human brain and manual dexterity over the crude brute force of crude brutes. He is *Homo sapiens* armed by *Homo faber*. How very different from the muddied oafs at the goal whose crude blundering reminds us rather of the hapless bull careering after the flicking red flag of the matador like a witless Marxist.

Everyone in the crowd knows that each time a matador faces a bull, he is risking not the scuffed shins and the coarsened cartilages of the football heavies, but his very life. It is for this reason that women are not allowed to be matadors whereas they make excellent soccer players. There can be no doubt that a strong and intelligent ballerina could kill a bull, but that is not the point. That the matadors are well aware of the risks they run is demonstrated by the statue of Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of penicillin, that they have erected outside the bullring in Madrid. Fleming's discovery has saved the lives of far more gored matadors than bored goalkeepers. That death is faced by the matador and that the bull is sacrificed in public rather than in an anonymous abattoir gives a vertical and implicitly religious quality to bullfighting that is totally lacking in football. On display is the Adam who must die but who has total dominion over the animal world, the Isaac in whose escape from sacrifice we all rejoice. It is thus appropriate that each bullfight is governed by a tight and unchanging ritual that uses music, color, and tradition to produce a seemly orderliness. It is utterly different from the vulgar and grubby farce of an English soccer match, which is a positive incentive to the hooligan to misbehave, for nothing serious is at stake.

For a brief time in the history of football, notably in the years immediately following the Second World War, English soccer supporters behaved themselves with uncharacteristic decorum. At this time, however, most spectators were not true football *aficionados*. Respectable older men with families went to watch their local team on Saturday afternoon because there was nothing else to do. As soon as growing affluence enabled the mass of the British people to buy motor cars, television sets, and videos, they quit going to soccer matches, which then were left to football's true supporters—a lumpen riff-raff of adolescents and alcoholics.

It would be good if the British could reverse this process, but the opposite is likely to happen. Football is already a much bigger commercial enterprise in Spain than is the bullfight. As so often in the modern world, a characterless international sport designed to appeal to the very lowest elements in society is slowly supplanting one that vividly embodies a particular national tradition. Also, British animal-rights activists have begun their campaign against bullfighting, thus confirming the Spanish view that Britain's lower classes are thugs and its middle classes busybodies. The animal-rights lobby's next move will be to mobilize that prejudice against all things Spanish that gripped Britain from the time of the Armada to the death of the Caudillo. In the end they will win, first in Britain and France, then in the EC, and finally in Spain itself, not because they are in the right, but because single-issue fanatics can always wear down even the most powerful opposition simply by being an intolerable nuisance. When they succeed, Spain—like Britain—will fall to the hooligans.

Christie Davies is chairman of the sociology department at the University of Reading, England.

LIBERAL ARTS

A KINDER, GENTLER IVY LEAGUE

"The Standing Committee on the Status of Women and President Shapiro have expressed support for the use of inclusive language as a means of affirming Princeton's commitment to equity. The Publications Office is drafting a manual of style for use in editing University publications, and we have incorporated some simple guidelines for inclusive language. The style manual will be available on campus once it is published this summer. In the meantime, at the request of the Standing Committee, I offer our guidelines on inclusive language. . . .

Instead of:	Consider:
the deaf,	people who are deaf, people with hearing impairments
the visually impaired	people with visual impairments
the disabled	people with disabilities
the handicapped	people with disabilities
victim of AIDS	person with AIDS
black slaves	enslaved blacks
wheelchair-bound	wheelchair-user
sexual preference	sexual orientation
homosexual	gay person, gay men, lesbian . . ."

—from a Communications and Publications memo to "chairs" of departments, "heads" of offices, and student organizations at Princeton.

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Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Environmentalism

by Edward C. Krug

Abuse of a Just Cause

While addressing the 20th annual Conservative Political Action Conference (CPAC) this past February, I confessed unease. A recovering "environmentalist," addressing CPAC seemed equivalent to a recovering alcoholic witnessing before Alcoholics Anonymous. My story starts with the acknowledgment that the environment is a just cause; the world deserves wise stewardship, and there are some people who abuse it. This last point is abundantly clear to me, for I grew up in northern New Jersey, parts of which resemble the surreal industrial moonscape pictured at the beginning of the movie *The Blues Brothers*.

Like most environmentalists, I did not perceive anything fundamentally wrong with the movement. Before earning a Ph.D. what involvement I had had with it was straightforward—meeting environmental standards for surface water and wastewater discharge. However, my perspective on environmentalism expanded after earning my doctorate. In 1981, I became Connecticut's acid rain expert. It was then that I began to see how environmental goals and standards are currently established. Anywhere from 44 to 100 percent of Connecticut's lakes were said to be (or soon to be) "acid-dead," as a result of acid rain. But these figures were entirely fabricated.

Similar disinformation was foisted on the nation with hardly a peep of dissent. For example, in 1980 the Environmental Protection Agency asserted that the average Northeastern lake had been acidified 100-fold over the past 40 years as the result of acid rain. Not to be outdone, in 1981 the National Academy of Sciences asserted that the 40 years of acidification would be repeated again; this time not in 40 but in only nine years—by 1990. All of these claims were scientifically unsubstantiated. Similar scientifically unsubstantiated claims were made for damage to forests. In sum, the public was led to believe that acid rain was an enormous environmental crisis that would transform the Northeast into a "silent spring" by 1990.

Quite worried, I went to others in the environmental movement with the concern that we were ruining our credibility. Believing that the truth must eventually come out—that 1990 would come and go without a "silent spring"—I stated that we had to correct ourselves about acid rain if we wanted to retain our respect and reliability. Moreover, believing that environmental leaders were truly interested in the well-being of the environment, as I am, I thought that my comments would be well received, that everyone would breathe a sigh of relief in knowing that thousands of lakes and millions of acres of forest were not being sterilized by acid rain.

To my shock, instead of thanking me, environmentalists fell on me like a ton of bricks. It would take 10 years of additional shocks before I could bring myself to face the unpleasant truth—environmentalism is not a science but a socioeconomic revolution. Facts are ignored and other "facts" are manufactured to support the deception of self and others.

With acid rain, scientists who made politically incorrect utterances were marked for destruction. Agronomists, foresters, and biologists—who pointed out that nitrogen (N) and sulfur (S), which make up acid rain, also constitute fertilizer—were ridiculed into oblivion. How could anything good come of something named "acid rain"?

Environmentalists made sure the public never knew that European and American acid rain monitoring networks originated in national agricultural experiment stations. The ag stations have been sampling and analyzing the N and S of rain for more than a century, not as contaminants but as beneficial *macronutrients*. Among agronomists, such "pollution" was often called the "poor man's fertilizer." The collective work of the world's scientific establishment on the essentiality of N and S as life-giving macronutrients was strictly censored.

The jihad against scientific truth continued. If a scientist tried to inject reason into the acid rain "debate" but was from the "wrong side of the tracks"—the Midwest—he was tarred as a liar who had sold out to the economic interests of his region. If he came from the "politically correct" part of the country—the Northeast—and was making politically incorrect statements, his background was searched long and hard to see if he had any "dirty" money (read "industry money"). If a scientist was unimpeachable in background and credentials and was part of a government bureaucracy or tenured faculty, he was immobile and could therefore be isolated from funding and institutional support and effectively silenced.

On the other hand, those who asserted that the sky is falling—or who could envision some futuristic scenario holding some possibility of the sky falling at some indeterminate time (otherwise known as science fiction in literary circles)—were automatically held up as authorities to be respected and obeyed no matter what their qualifications (or lack thereof).

Finally, the dreaded moment of truth arrived. The year 1990 came and went. Acid rain did not transform the Northeast into a "silent spring." Nevertheless, the Clean Air Act—the most comprehensive regulatory act in American history—passed in 1990 largely on the *deliberately* well-misinformed public perception of acid rain, meaning I was completely wrong in my concern about the environmental movement losing

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credibility. Why? Because I was thinking as a scientist, not as a political activist implementing a socioeconomic revolution.

While scientific truth is not established by vote, political "reality" is. In politics, perception is reality. Or to quote Niccolò Machiavelli describing the basis for deception, "Most people have eyes and can, therefore, see. However, few people have the ability to reason. Therefore, appearances are everything." Environmentalists made sure that people did not have the ability to reason.

After screaming in the early 80's that acid rain was an invisible horror raining death out of the skies, environmentalists maintained strict censorship through the "reign of terror" described above. They then went on to create more environmental "crises." And after ten years of blather about global warming, dioxin, styrofoam, wetlands, asbestos, alar, spotted owls, ozone depletion, etc., the public no longer remembers that acid rain was supposed to have *sterilized* the Northeast by 1990. All we remember is the "crisis" of acid rain, not its details. It was then I realized that what was happening in the area of acid rain was also happening with other environmental issues.

In 1989 I worked at the Central Analytical Laboratory of the national acid rain monitoring network located at the University of Illinois. Here we had one of the world's five General Circulation Models, commonly known as global-warming models. The United Nations had set up its Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change to see what global warming means to the world. In 1989, its findings were presented to us at the University of Illinois.

Assuming that these models are representative of reality, scientists using first principles predicted that a doubling of atmospheric carbon dioxide, and the presumed climatic changes associated with it, would increase agricultural productivity by 15 to 40 percent, depending upon the region of the world. Similarly, global warming should increase average forest productivity as well as water resources (a warmer world is, on average, a wetter world). I nearly fell out of my chair. But then I realized that the reality-check of world history supports what these scientists were telling us. Historians and paleoecologists call the warmer period of the recent past the "Climate Optimum." The world was a much better place to live in when it was warmer. The historic fact is that, relative to today's world climate, global warming is "good" and global cooling is "bad."

However, as with acid rain, the good news about "global warming" was censored, along with information showing that global-warming models—like those of acid rain—do not work in the first place. "We the People" hear none of this. Instead, we hear the United Nation's Maurice Strong indict global warming as the "primary risk to the human future" and Vice-President Gore call for a New "Green" World Order. In other words, within ten years after earning my Ph.D., I came to know that environmentalism is fundamentally flawed.

As C.S. Lewis observed, the greatest evils are committed by perverting virtue, or, as I like to say, by abusing a just cause. In world history's long string of abused just causes, the latest failed experiment in socioeconomic revolution—communism—illustrates the fundamental flaw of environmentalism. As noted by Francis Schaeffer among others, communism attracted many well-meaning adherents with its idealistic language about the dignity of man, the end to the exploitation of man by fellow man, and so on. However, communism had to borrow this ideal from the West. Marxist philosophy was incapable of generating the concept of personal dignity. What is amazing is that people seriously attempted to do the absurd—to use communism to implement an idea that it was incapable of generating in the first place. The results were disastrous. As Russian President Boris Yeltsin told the United States Congress during his 1992 visit, "There is no human face of communism." Solzhenitsyn's estimate that the Soviet Union murdered over 66 million of its own citizens for purely political reasons—to end the exploitation of man by fellow man—appears to be essentially correct.

Today's environmentalism also suffers from an inherent incompatibility between its goal of wise use—borrowed from the West's Judeo-Christian values of stewardship—and its core philosophy of the perfect "Natural State." Free markets in free societies compel us, in the most direct manner (increasing prosperity), to use nature ever more wisely. This is the real "Green Revolution." However, the profit motive that compels us to produce more from less is called "greed" by environmentalists. Science that shows us how to use and waste less is called "unnatural." Its technological application is called "exploitation." Environmentalism's core philosophy of the perfect "Natural State" is therefore killing the real Green Revolution because it is incapable of conceiving that man has any right to use nature, no matter how careful he is.

Ironically, as with communism before it, environmentalism attracts many well-meaning adherents with its idealistic language about living in harmony with nature. What is amazing is that people have seriously attempted to do the absurd—to use environmentalism to implement an idea that it was incapable of generating in the first place. The results are predictably disastrous. Environmentalists—whether admitted or not—will always find something wrong with, and ultimately oppose, whatever mankind does.

Take energy as an example. Because of acid rain, coal is now a "dirty fuel" that will have to be replaced. But with what? Certainly not another fossil fuel. (This leads to global warming.) Nuclear power? No, they say. It's unsafe. And we don't want anyone trying to make it safe either. We only want to use renewable sources of energy. But try putting in a dam someplace. Geothermal? They oppose it on aesthetics. Charles Kuralt did a Christmas special a few years ago titled "Gifts We Give Ourselves." One of these "gifts" was stopping geothermal in Oregon. How "nice." The televised May 12, 1992, hearing of the Senate Energy Committee showed that environmentalists are very "slick" in opposing geothermal wherever it is feasible and supporting it wherever it is not. Windmills? Again aesthetics, and in California they even complain that windmills kill birds. Environmentalists have even opposed cold fusion, which, if true, would be a totally unpolluting source of energy. Paul Ehrlich said, "the prospect of cheap, inexhaustible power from fusion is 'like giving a machine gun to an idiot child.'" Jeremy Rifkin warned, "It's the worst thing that could happen to our planet." Ralph Nader and Barry Commoner also heaped abuse on it. Their objection? Not pollution. If true, it would be able effectively and cheaply to generate power. They were against power generation

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itself, as they made clear in the April 19, 1989, *Los Angeles Times*.

Thus, like communism before it, "purity" of lofty goals blinds environmentalism's numerous well-meaning adherents to its horrendous bottom line. By adopting environmentalism as a personal meaning of life—as illustrated with acid rain—facts that do not support the cause are ignored. And "facts" are conveniently manufactured to support the prerequisite world view.

Many environmentalists readily recognize in others that such a personal philosophy is tantamount to intellectual suicide. However, these very same people commit precisely that, fiercely resisting anything that threatens their manufactured personal meaning of life. They deceive themselves with much talk about man altering the "delicate balance of nature" or about how to quote Vice-President Gore, "We are . . . bulldozing the Gardens of Eden" (*Earth in the Balance*, 1992). And so, I point out to environmentalists and nonenvironmentalists alike, this is no way to save the planet or the human race; it is the surest way to trash it.

Edward C. Krug is director of environmental projects for the Committee for a Constructive Tomorrow (CFACT) in Washington, D.C.

The Economics of Robinson Crusoe

by George L. Clark, Sr.

A Lesson in Free Trade

Background: The French economist and writer Frédéric Bastiat used the simplest economic system he could think of, the duo of Robinson Crusoe and Friday, to illustrate the folly of protectionism in "Something Else," one of a series of essays he called *Sophismes économiques*, published between 1844 and 1850. In the original story, Robinson's protectionist instincts won out, and the pair lost the benefits of free trade. In this version, they agree to try Friday's free-trade approach, with unexpected results.

Robinson and Friday had decided to work together in providing for their needs. In the morning, they hunted for four hours and brought back two baskets of game. In the afternoon, they worked in their garden for four hours and obtained two baskets of vegetables. This amount of effort provided them with ample food but left them little time for making new tools or maintaining their lodge.

One day a longboat landed on the Isle of Despair. A stranger disembarked and was invited for dinner. He tasted and highly praised the products of the garden and said to them, "Generous islanders, I dwell in a land where game is much more plentiful than it is here but where horticulture is unknown. It will be easy for me to bring you two baskets of game every day if you will give me one basket of vegetables."

At these words, Robinson (*R*) and Friday (*F*) withdrew to confer, and the debate they had is too interesting not to report here in full:

F: "Friend, what do you think of it?"

R: "If we accept, we are ruined."

F: "Are you quite sure of that? Let us reckon what it comes to."

R: "I have already reckoned it, and there can be no doubt about the outcome. This trade will simply mean the end of our hunting industry."

F: "What difference does that make if we have the game? Instead of going hunting every morning, we can work two hours in the garden to obtain the basket of vegetables for the stranger and four hours in the afternoon to obtain vegetables for ourselves. He will give us two baskets of game in exchange for the one basket of vegetables."

R: "We shall be unemployed a large part of the day. If we don't work, we will surely go hungry."

F: "Friend, you are making an enormous mistake. We will have the same quantity of food we do now, and we will have more free hours in which to do other things."

R: "You may be right about that part of it, but don't you see the political reasons for not doing it?"

F: "Political reasons?"

R: "Yes. First, he is making this offer only because it is advantageous to him."

F: "So much the better, since it is better for us, too."

R: "Then, by this traffic, we shall make ourselves dependent upon him."

F: "And he will make himself dependent upon us. We shall have need of his game; and he, of our vegetables; and we shall all live in great friendship."

R: "Suppose the stranger learns to cultivate a garden and that his island is more fertile than ours. Do you see the consequence?"

F: "Yes. Our relations with the stranger will be severed. He will no longer take our vegetables, since he will have them at home with less labor. He will no longer bring us game, since we shall have nothing to give him in exchange, and we shall be in precisely the same situation that you want us to be in today."

R: "You do not see that after destroying our hunting industry by flooding us with game he will destroy our gardening industry by flooding us with vegetables?"

F: "But as this will happen we shall be in a position to give him something else, that is to say, we shall be able to find something else to produce with a saving in labor for ourselves."

R: "I am not convinced, but I am willing to give it a try, if only to prove you are wrong. If we are not satisfied with the arrangement, we can terminate it and return to hunting any time we please."

The stranger was delighted to hear that his offer had been accepted, and months went by during which he delivered two baskets of game every day and took back his basket of vegetables. Robinson and Friday very much enjoyed the game and found many useful and pleasurable things to do in their free time.

Then, one day, the stranger brought the game, as usual, but declined to take the vegetables in exchange. He explained that, copying their methods, he now had a successful garden of his own. His vegetables were growing so profusely that he no longer needed theirs. Did they have anything else to trade? Robinson and Friday were greatly distressed, not wanting to lose the benefits to which they had grown accustomed. They withdrew to discuss the matter.

R: "It is just as I predicted. His island not only has better game, but is more fertile as well. This trade will be the ruin of us."

F: "Not at all. I was right about the benefits we have enjoyed so far, wasn't I?"

R: "I must admit that much. But what do we do now?"

F: "We can continue to benefit. The

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problem is only one of finding something else to trade."

R: "But what? We don't have anything he wants."

F: "This island is larger than we need. Perhaps we could trade a tiny part of it for game."

R: "What? Trade capital for current consumption? Your ideas will be the ruin of us."

F: "My dear friend, I am astonished at your ignorance of economic principles. Free trade can never be harmful. By definition, voluntary trade benefits both parties; otherwise they would not do it."

Robinson could not counter this master stroke of logic, so he agreed to try the proposed arrangement. After all, he said, if we change our minds we shall be no worse off than when we started. They returned to the stranger with the new proposal. The stranger bowed and smiled, and the deal was made.

Years went by, during which Robinson and Friday enjoyed the delicious game brought by the stranger on his daily visits, as well as their leisurely mornings. Their satisfaction with the arrangement was marred only by their concern about the growing portion of the island that lay behind the stranger's fence. Finally, when the fence started to encroach on their garden area, they decided to have a talk with the stranger(*S*).

R: "Stranger, we are now being crowded out of our garden, and we must make some other arrangements with you so that we can continue to raise our vegetables and enjoy the wonderful game you bring us. We cannot give up any more land."

S: "Very well, what do you wish to trade?"

R: "We have nothing else except the vegetables we grow."

S: "That is a problem, since I no longer need your vegetables. However, perhaps we can continue to do business. Suppose the two of you hunt for game, in the part of the island I now own, for six hours in the morning. That will net three baskets of game. You may keep two of the baskets and give me only one. That way, your needs will be satisfied and I shall have a small profit."

At this shocking proposal, Robinson and Friday withdrew to discuss the matter between themselves. They didn't like the new arrangement, since it would require them to hunt for two hours longer than before they first met the stranger but have no more game for their efforts. They decided to make one last effort to negotiate a more favorable arrangement.

R: "Stranger, we have enjoyed our friendship and our mutually beneficial trade. We would like to continue both the friendship and the trade, but we must have an arrangement other than the one you have suggested."

S: "I am afraid there has been a misunderstanding. We have been trading partners, not friends. The trade has been beneficial to me, and I trust that you have also benefited. However, the new arrangement I have proposed is the only one in which I can see continued benefit for me."

Robinson and Friday withdrew again and argued at length about free trade and how a series of mutually beneficial transactions could have brought them to their present predicament. Finally, they decided that, since they no longer owned enough of the island to gather game for themselves, they had no choice but to accept the stranger's terms.

The deal made, the stranger again bowed and smiled as he reembarked in the longboat and left the Isle of Despair.

George L. Clark, Sr., is a retired research scientist living in California.

A Park to Die For

by Gerard J. De Groot

Sixties Redivivus

On August 25, 1992, a 19-year-old woman named Rosebud Abigail Denovo broke into the campus home of Chang-Lin Tien, chancellor of the University of California. Denovo, a member of the People's Will Direct Action Committee, was the self-appointed judge, jury, and executioner in the trial of Tien—enemy of the people. An Oakland police officer, called to the scene, intervened before she could carry out her mission. She lunged at him with a machete, whereupon he shot her dead.

Found on Denovo was a note with the message: "We are willing to die for this land. Are you?" By "land" she meant specifically People's Park in Berkeley. Denovo's revolutionary career had begun a year earlier in response to the university's decision to build volleyball courts in the park. At the time of her death she was awaiting trial on a charge involving possession of explosives—with the explosives had been a hit-list of campus officials. On news of her death 150 supporters rioted in the park. It is fair to say that Denovo, born in 1973, died in the 1960's.

The question of volleyball courts in People's Park seems terribly trivial for a serious revolutionary, even one as obviously psychotic as Denovo. But an examination of the history of that park reveals why its future has become a subject of such bitter and violent argument. To the cynic, it seems peculiarly fitting that the hallowed ground of 60's protest should be transformed into a playground for 90's narcissists. But that is a simplistic assessment.

Local legend has it that the park grew out of the campus Vietnam protest. In fact, the antiwar movement at Berkeley was neither as popular nor as heroic as sentimental 60's rebels would like to believe. Students in the 1960's, most of them protected by draft deferments, cared less about the Vietnam War than they did about promoting 60's nihilism—sex, drugs, and rock-and-roll.

That nihilism was the progenitor of People's Park. In early 1967 the hippie haven of Haight-Ashbury in San Francisco began to crumble under the weight of curious tourists, unscrupulous drug dealers, and hard-core heroin addicts. The hippies fled to the cheap housing and tolerance of Berkeley across the bay. The Haight's sordidness soon followed them; Berkeley's crime rate soared.

Berkeley's tolerance had limits. Conservative Republicans, always a force in the city, demanded that the university, which owned the slum housing where many of the hippies lived, take action. In late 1967 a decision was made to demolish an entire block north of Telegraph Avenue, thus forcing the undesirables out under the guise of urban renewal and university expansion—good liberal causes.

The university had funds to demolish, but none to build. A year later, the site was nothing more than a muddy parking lot. Michael Delacour, boutique owner and urban rebel, decided to seize the lot for "the people." The Berkeley left, always game for an opportunity to confront authority, rallied behind him. Leading the populist chal-

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lenge was a *Who's Who* of 60's radicals—Jerry Rubin, Stew Albert, Tom Hayden, Bobby Seale *et al.* John Lennon, during his "bed-in" with Yoko Ono, sent a message of support.

On April 20, 1969, hundreds of activists, fired by a spirit of 60's cooperation, invaded the lot armed with picks and shovels. A tractor materialized from nowhere. Those who were not stoned out of their minds worked very hard, but—true to the times—with little discipline. Gradually, a park of sorts took shape. But in its inspiration lay its weakness: it was the product of innocent anarchism, lacking plan, purpose, or future.

For the left the park symbolized the best of 60's values: people power and ecological harmony. For the right it represented subversion and decadence. It had to be destroyed. Caught between these two sides was then chancellor of the university, Roger Heyns. Experience had taught him not to underestimate the power of youthful protest. But neither could he ignore the authority of the state of California and its governor—Ronald Reagan—who controlled the university's purse strings.

The left rallied, the right fumed, and Heyns dithered. On May 15, at the request of the Republican mayor, 250 police from various forces took over the park. They were eventually challenged by 4,000 demonstrators who had cleverly seized the high ground. Neither side subsequently displayed restraint. Demonstrators tossed bricks and rocks from the rooftops. The police, increasingly frustrated, used tear gas, then birdshot, then buckshot. As time passed their aim became more random, their range ever shorter. One rioter was killed, another blinded.

Later that night, Reagan sent in the National Guard. For the next 17 days, Berkeley was a war zone. The action of the military is best described as bizarre. On one occasion, guardsmen threw tear gas canisters into a crowded lecture hall, then held the doors shut to prevent escape. On the 20th, in an obviously premeditated action, soldiers cleared university buildings, then blocked all the main campus exits. A bewildered crowd of students, staff, and passersby watched in disbelief as a National Guard helicopter sprayed gas.

Reagan won his little war, but he lost the hearts and minds of local residents. They never forgave him. In the Reagan presidential landslide of 1984, Walter Mondale won 83 percent of Berkeley's votes. As for People's Park, the university realized that the wisest course was to leave the site alone. Never properly landscaped, it became Berkeley's ugliest and most important park—informally dedicated to the memory of James Rector, the slain protester.

People power had won. A makeshift children's play area was built, along with a speaker's stand and a community garden. A recycled clothes bin appeared and remained for years. But the spirit that had inspired the park dissipated in the "me" decade of the 1970's. The sybarites took over: it became a place for drug deals, loud music, and exhibitionism. Creating a better life gave way to creating a better high. In the 1980's it remained a place for drugs, but drugs of despair, not decadence. Heroin and crack replaced pot, LSD, and cocaine. For most, the park became a disappointment and an embarrassment. But for some it remained a shrine.

The city and the university, believing that a generation is long enough for emotions to cool, decided in 1991 that the time had come to make something of the park. But when the university started to build volleyball courts last summer, Berkeley radicals reacted to the invasion of their sacred ground like Sikhs to the storming of the Golden Temple. Trouble erupted on August 3, 1991. A huge crowd surged down Telegraph Avenue, where it confronted over 200 police in full riot gear, armed with rubber bullets, stun guns, and truncheons. Surveillance helicopters whirred overhead; tear gas poisoned the air. It was like old times.

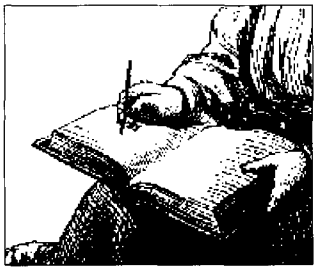
On my first trip into Berkeley during the summer of 1991, I shared a seat on the train with a woman burdened with leaflets rallying comrades to "the defense of People's Park." One had to be impressed by her dedication. She could not have been more than 20 years old. Like her comrade Denovo, memories of the struggle came to her secondhand—perhaps from her mother or father. She saw herself as the defender of that golden decade of hope and social responsibility. For the past year she and her friends have maintained a permanent demonstration in Berkeley's Sproul Plaza. They recruit new activists among pimple-faced first-year students who listen to *Maggie's Farm* on CD. Agitation remains the soul of Berkeley.

For Denovo the volleyball courts symbolized an ethos so evil it had to be crushed. Her fellow activists share her ideals, if not her self-destructiveness. They keep on keepin' on, clinging desperately to tawdry symbols of a decade that exists only in their imagination. Defending an unsightly vacant lot seems a strange way to uphold the 60's spirit.

What is the myth and what the legacy of the 1960's? Berkeley's decision to improve the park was taken after a lengthy democratic planning process, which was itself a creation of the 1960's campaign for greater political participation. The decade popularized ideas about beautifying one's living space and creating public leisure sites for everyone to enjoy. The 60's also saw the beginnings of the health consciousness movement—natural food, relaxation, exercise. Perhaps it is not entirely sacrilege that the people should play volleyball in People's Park.

Gerard J. De Groot is a professor of modern history at the University of St. Andrews, Scotland.

LIBERAL ARTS



THE WORLD ACCORDING TO BILL

Wall Street Journal: "What event before 1900 helped shape your vision of American society? Your view of America's place in the world? What more recent event?"

President Clinton: "[On the first two questions] None, because most of the things the U.S. did before 1900 were totally inconsistent with the global role I'd like us to play, or were narrow disputes over territory. [On the third question] America's 4-1/2-decade stance against totalitarianism and support for freedom."

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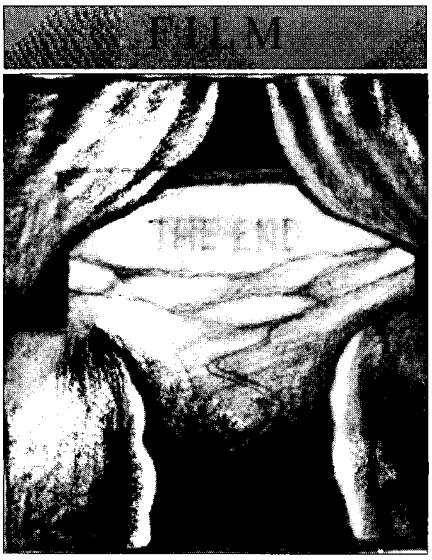

Saintly Thugs

by David R. Slavitt

Reservoir Dogs
Produced by Lawrence Bender
Written and Directed by
Quentin Tarantino
Released by Miramax Films

The Bad Lieutenant
Produced by Edward Pressman
Written by Abel Ferrara and Zoë Lund
Directed by Abel Ferrara
Released by Aries Films

The way the camera turns an actor's body into an objet d'art is wonderful. Some faces—Bogart's, for instance, or Cooper's, or Wayne's—can be maps of experience, the topography of those weathered lines and architectural planes suggesting a richness of emotional history that endows any routine scene with depth and dimension. Harvey Keitel's is such a body and such a face, as the extraordinary weekend I've just spent with two of his films makes abundantly clear. There is a peasant crudeness to the nose and the bones of the brow, but the mouth, surprisingly delicate, is at certain angles almost beautiful. Bogie, too, had that hint of femininity around the mouth (the slight lisp helped) and those sad, hooded eyes that made a rough-hewn physiognomy fascinating, not altogether predictable, and therefore dramatic.

Keitel can bring to his portrayal of thugs, then, an implicit but nonetheless powerful suggestion that the thuggishness isn't all of it and that his cop or his robber isn't merely a villain. And, after all, who is altogether worthless, absolutely unredeemed, or, worse, unredeemable? In a pair of amazing performances in these two fine films, one watches Keitel's self-contradictory face, rumpled and worn by suffering and depravity but still capable of nuance and surprisingly vulnerable to pain. That face holds the eye, as the mind wanders freely among the suggestions from the writer and director of complicated issues of loyalty and betrayal, destiny and free will, good and evil.

Reservoir Dogs is another clever moral tale about how crime does not pay—because of the limitations of the human condition. As in *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* and, indeed, as in Chaucer's "Pardoner's Tale," the idea is that duplicity's defect is usually its intricacy, which is too demanding for our imperfect universe. It isn't criminal law but Murphy's law that comes into play, and there is a more or less tactful suggestion that a kind of justice, perhaps even a divine justice, operates here. We watch a robbery that goes bad, not just because of bad luck but because of bad faith. One of the gang members is an undercover policeman. But if one has ratted, then all must be under suspicion. And the elegance of their calculations is what makes these crooks, psychopaths, and sadists interesting to watch. Keitel is Mr. White, a kind of journeyman thief who is clever, wary, brave, resourceful, and even ruthless—but not quite enough! It is his inevitable and perfectly believable lapse from the perfection of villainy that ruins him.

The script, with its humor and intricacy, is what attracted Keitel to the young Quentin Tarantino's film. Keitel coproduced the picture, and it was primarily his participation that enabled the making of this bright, cheeky youngster's first movie. (Tarantino is only in his late 20's, and this film is an amazing debut.) The surface of the picture is violent but witty—not merely because of the kinds of wise-cracks with which Eastwood or Schwarzenegger have been winking at us from their abattoir carnage, but because of the crackling and legitimate expressions of the characters of the piece. In an introductory scene, before the main title, in which the gang is sitting around a table in some diner, one of the men points his finger at Keitel, as if it were a gun. "You shoot me in a dream," Keitel says, "you better wake up and apologize!"

The ensemble work is lovely. Along with Keitel's Mr. White, Steve Buscemi's dangerous Mr. Pink, and Eddie Bunker's appalling and nearly deranged Mr. Blue, there is Lawrence Tierney's gruff Joe Cabot, the chief executive officer of this ad-hoc association. They are all shrewd, but also funny because of their self-awareness, and they are violent because that is how they have chosen or been driven to behave. For the film to work, as it does, we have to admire their sangfroid—and there is plenty of sang for them to crawl through. Tim Roth, who plays Mr. Orange with a fine Pacino-like intensity, asks Mr. White what he should do if the manager doesn't hand over the diamonds right away. "Cut off a finger," Keitel tells him matter-of-factly. "The little finger, and then tell him the thumb will be next." Then, without missing a beat, he says, "I'm hungry. Let's get a taco."

Tarantino's script is really a knockout, and this wonderful debut is likely to be a beacon that will attract dozens, maybe even hundreds, of talented young filmmakers, giving them hope to try the same long-shot bet that a good script will somehow lure the right people and that the elements will come together in some spontaneous way. It's what is supposed to happen and almost never does. That it still can, however rarely, is an occasion for general thanksgiving and celebration.

More usual is the career of someone like Abel Ferrara, the 42-year-old director of *The Bad Lieutenant*, who had to serve as an apprentice for movies you and I have never heard of—*Driller Killer*, for instance, a 1979 spatter flick that demonstrates the potential for bloody violence of a power drill. In the course of making these exploitation and shlock films, he was able to put together a low-life version of the repertory companies that Ingmar Bergman and Woody Allen managed to contrive. The truth is that if you figure out a way to attract an audience so that your films have a reasonable likelihood of making money, then, for as long as you can keep the accountants happy, you can do whatever you want.

Ferrara's sensibility is like that of . . . Georges Bataille, or Céline, or Pasolini, or de Sade. The underside of things fascinates him because that is where he ex-

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pects the truth to be revealed. What's true there is true anywhere! And *The Bad Lieutenant*, for all of its grit and grime, its sordidness and sleazy excess, is actually a film about redemption and grace. One would suppose as one watches his routine of self-indulgence and self-abuse that there can be nowhere lower for the renegade cop to sink. As one of his junkie friends (played by the screenwriter, Zoë Lund) says, "We got to eat away at ourselves till there's nothing left but appetite."

That, too, will eventually be extinguished, of course. But along with such compulsions, there is also a kind of paranoia here that allows Ferrara and his merry pranksters an opportunity for philosophical razzle-dazzle. The notion that destiny, or fate, or grace is operating is a hard point to make in a movie, but Ferrara gives us just that, disguised as a series of bets the lieutenant is placing against the Mets, who ought by any reasonable calculation to lose any given game and who cannot possibly be expected to come from a three-zip deficit to win their play-off series against the Dodgers.

How this odd business evolves from grace note to leitmotif to the very core of the drama, the representation of Jesus' intercession on behalf of the lieutenant's soul, involves a series of deft moves—metaphors that seem as solid as mathematical equations. This is a curious way of managing a plot, but it is not far from what happened in *Driller Killer*, which is about a painter who commits a series of murders because, as he is working on his paintings, there is a punk band practicing upstairs that is driving him crazy. This is totally gonzo, and yet it has a metaphoric richness in its promptings and intimations about urban life, chaos, and maybe even the devil. In *The Bad Lieutenant*, what helps Ferrara manage this improbable strategy is Keitel's quirky combination of lumpiness and physical grace. He can convey an anguish that is all the more convincing because it is somehow shot through with moments of self-awareness and even wit. Amazingly this seems not to have been imposed from outside or above but to have arisen from the complexity of the character itself.

The case on which we follow the lieutenant's progress is the savage rape of a nun (in a church, before the altar!), and while we may find such a crime all but unimaginable, the lieutenant is not so impressed. "Women get raped all the time," he observes. "What's so special about this one, just because she was wearing a penguin suit?" What's special, of course, is that heaven is offended, and if the machinery by which the policeman is corrected seems somewhat mannered and even melodramatic (Jesus gets down off the crucifix to stand there in the aisle of the church and confront the cop), we have to admit that his poor sizzled brain would apprehend the world in just these images. That they are authentic and persuasive for the character is all Ferrara needs to establish.

The cop is not stupid, after all, but merely weak, as he freely confesses. Indeed, as the film shows him sailing ever closer to the moral wind, we come to appreciate his shrewdness. He knows just how far to go, what chances to take, and how to limit his risks, the nature of which he has gauged with dreadful precision. In one powerful scene in which he stops a couple of joy-riding girls from Jersey, he assaults and brutalizes them as far as it is possible to do without laying a hand on them. And what is astonishing is that there is, for the girls, a lesson in the lieutenant's behavior, a kind of warning of the moral chaos that ensues as soon as one has abandoned the rules. The lieutenant's conduct, utterly dreadful and exploitive, is also elegantly calibrated. There is reason to suppose that these two bimbos may rethink, repent, and amend their lives. That an audience can entertain such notions is a fairly sure indication of the seriousness of Keitel's and Ferrara's mischief-making.

Inevitably, the bets against the Mets escalate. The lieutenant—he's never actually named—gets deeper and deeper into the hole, and the people he is betting with are implacably unforgiving. There is no way out, unless the Mets lose. Their failure to do so is, believes the lieutenant, a joke, a trick of destiny, a trap, which means the end of the life he has been leading. Now that he is so far lost that not even the reward money the Church has offered will save him, he is forced to take seriously for the first time the implications of the nun's bizarre act of forgiveness of her assailants. It is an imitation of Christ's forgiveness of sinners to which even he is now driven, a weak, worthless, and—as he had thought and as we'd have agreed—altogether lost soul.

This is elegant and serious in its morality, and, of course, it has an NC-17 rating, about which Ferrara seems quite pleased. As he remarked to an interviewer for *New York*, "This film was designed to be NC-17. If this film wasn't NC-17, we'd have nothing to sell. I don't give a sh-- if *Bad Lieutenant* doesn't play at the mall in Des Moines, where they're f---ing watching *Home Alone*. We were gonna put an NC-17 on it if they gave us a G."

It is altogether satisfactory to be able to report about two such fine movies. Even better is the prospect of a further demonstration of Keitel's odd and brilliant gifts. Ferrara's current project is a piece called *Snake Eyes* in which Keitel is featured as a film director, with Madonna as an actress and James Russo as her co-star in the film Keitel is supposed to be directing. Ferrara has said, "It's like *Jules and Jim* meets *Bad Lieutenant*."

I can't wait.

David R. Slavitt is a poet and novelist living in Philadelphia.

LIBERAL ARTS

A YOUNG CONSERVATIVE

Birthday: October 30, 1972

Major and Year: Leisure Studies, Sophomore year

Goals: To have a successful career as a special events planner. . . to plan a Presidential Inauguration.

I really enjoy: spending time with friends, going to parties, dancing, and eating.

I totally dislike: people who try to aggressively push their political viewpoints on me and also people who make fun of my hair.

Heroes: Nancy Reagan

Favorite music: I enjoy all types of music, especially dance music.

Favorite entertainers: Julia Roberts and Kevin Costner

I read: Danielle Steele and Stephen King

—a campus leader at one of America's largest universities, as profiled in the school's conservative student newspaper.

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Immigration Fuels U.S. Population Growth

We at Negative Population Growth, Inc. (NPG) believe that our country is already vastly overpopulated in terms of the long range carrying capacity of its resources and environment.

We believe, therefore, that U.S. population growth should be halted as soon as possible, and eventually reversed.

But, unless our present massive immigration is drastically reduced, we will never be able to stabilize our population at a sustainable level.

In the decade of the 80s we grew by some 25 million. Immigration, both legal and illegal, accounted for about 40 percent of that huge increase in our numbers. Projections are that we will grow by at least as much in the 90s.

If present rates of fertility and immigration continue, our population, now over 256 million, will pass 400 million shortly after 2050, with no end to growth in sight! Such growth would be catastrophic both for our environment, and for our standard of living.

We need to reduce immigration to the level of emigration (out-migration) so that immigration will no longer contribute to our population growth. That would require halting **illegal** immigration, and reducing **legal** immigration to a comprehensive ceiling of 200,000 a year, including all relatives and refugees. Then, immigration would be roughly balanced with emigration.

We now allow roughly 700,000 legal immigrants to come here each year. Their numbers are swelled by perhaps 300,000 **illegal** immigrants.

Advocates of Massive Immigration Are Wrong!

There are powerful forces that fight tooth and nail not only to keep immigration at the present high level, but to increase it. Among them are employers who want low-wage labor, ethnic groups whose leaders seek greater political power, and humanitarians who believe in virtually open borders.

They also include pro-growth advocates who believe that an ever-growing labor force, fueled by immigration, is necessary to achieve their goal of an ever-increasing GNP. That goal, in the real world of environmental and resource limits, is a recipe for disaster.

How Can We Best Help Others?

Beyond any question, the United States must maintain the humane policies toward immigrants and refugees that have characterized its past.

But we need to express our compassion in an intelligent way. Our guiding principle should be to do the most good for the greatest number. Our priority should be to improve living conditions in the developing countries, rather than to allow vast numbers of their citizens to settle here.

World population is growing by some 90 million a year, and almost all of that growth occurs in the developing countries. We cannot possibly allow more than a tiny fraction of those millions to come here. What can we do to help all those who have no choice but to remain at home?

One thing is crystal clear. The problems of the underdeveloped countries are beyond solution by emigration. To pretend otherwise is simply self-delusion.

Nothing can permanently improve living conditions in these countries unless they first halt their population growth, the root cause of their poverty and environmental degradation.

Those who assert that eradicating poverty is a prerequisite for halting population growth have the process just backwards. Only after halting their population growth can developing countries even begin to bring their standard of living up to an adequate level.

If we are genuinely concerned with their welfare, we should spare no effort or expense to help those nations that are prepared to make a determined effort to halt, and eventually to reverse, their population growth.

We Need A Sensible U.S. Immigration Policy

We cannot continue to allow our national immigration policy to be dictated by special interest groups who pursue their own agendas without regard for the broad national interest.

Our immigration policy should be an integral part of a national population policy aimed at halting, and then reversing, our population growth, so that U.S. population can eventually be stabilized at a lower, more sustainable level.

As Americans, our first obligation, to ourselves and to our children and grandchildren, is to restore and preserve the land we have inherited. In shaping our immigration policy, our top priority must be our own national interest, and the welfare of present and future generations of Americans.

If you agree that we need to drastically reduce legal immigration, and halt illegal immigration once and for all, we need your support. NPG is a nonprofit, public interest organization founded in 1972. To become a member, please send us your check today.

YES! I want to become a member of NPG, and help reduce U.S. immigration to a level compatible with our national interest. I am enclosing my check for annual membership dues.

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Address _____

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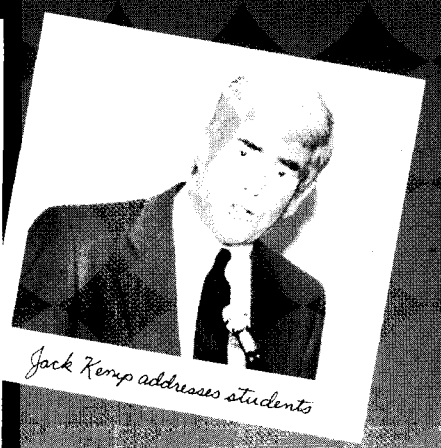
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